Ann Hunt her Book

Spiritual Life.

POEMS

ON SEVERAL

Divine Subjects,

Relating both to the

Inward EXPERIENCE

AND

Outward PRACTICE

OF

CHRISTIANITY.

If any Man be in Christ he is a new Creature. 2 Cor. v. 17.

If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit. Gal. v. 25.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

Most Noble Lady,

SUSAN

Lady Marchioness of

TWEEDALE.

Madam,

MOST of the following Poems were written, whilst I had the Honour to live near Your Ladyship, in a Place that has all those Advantages, that are

are thought to have an Influence on the Mind to diſpoſe it to an Amuſement of this Kind; ſo that You have a juſt Title to them on that Score. But the Encouragement I received from Your Ladyſhip, and the Noble Family, (to which You are ſo great a Bleſſing and Ornament) in the proper and more important Buſineſs of my Station, lays me under much ſtronger Obligations to take this Opportunity of expreſſing the grateful Senſe and Remembrance I ſtill have thereof.

I know Your Ladyſhip better than to think I ſhould pleaſe You, by publiſhing here even a juſt Commendation of your Virtues. But

But I cannot forbear saying, that Your High Birth and Quality (tho the first in the Nation) make not the most excellent Part of your Character. Your exemplary Piety and Goodness, and exact Discharge of all the Offices of the Christian Life, render You more truly Noble, and make You shine with a much brighter Lustre, than all the Advantages of external Honour and Greatness You are possess'd of.

'TIS, Madam, this Consideration chiefly that makes this little Piece betake itself to Your Protection. It bears the Name of the *Spiritual Life*; and where can it expect to meet with such kind

Re-

Reception and Entertainment, as from your Ladyſhip, who, from your tender Years, have been ſo bright an Inſtance and Example of that Life. I am,

Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient

humble Servant,

J. C.

PREFACE.

THE following POEMS were all written, at Leiſure Hours, for the Author's own private Amuſement; and ſome of them more than Twenty Years ago. As POESY is not the Buſineſs of his Profeſſion, ſo neither does he publiſh them now to gain the Name and Reputation of a Poet. That is a Character, which tho' he could merit, he is, for ſeveral Reaſons, very far from affecting. The true Reaſon that moved him to it, is the great Scarcity of Performances of this Kind. Were there as many

Poems,

Poems, and as well done, on Religious and Divine Subjects, as there are even on trifling and prophane, he never would have been ſo fooliſh as to ſend abroad theſe Lines to bluſh among ſo many better: Nor perhaps had he ever had a Thought of writing one of them. Whilſt he could have been furniſhed with Abundance of better Entertainment from other Hands, he never would have fought for a meaner Satisfaction from any Thing, of this Nature, that he himſelf could produce. It would then have been a mighty Pleaſure to him, to read the Performances of others, adorning the various Subjects of Religion: Nor would he have failed to bleſs the Names and Memories of thoſe who ſo much contributed to his Satisfaction.

THERE are indeed ſome few who have employed their Talents this Way, and at the ſame Time that they have done good Service to Religion, have gained immortal Honour to themſelves: But yet after all, there is ſtill

ſuch

ſuch a Scarcity of Divine Poems, notwithſtanding the great Variety of Divine Subjects, that a Man, whoſe Genius leads him to ſuch Kind of Entertainment, muſt either be ſoon at an End of it, or content himſelf with reading the ſame Things over and over again. Therefore, to afford ſome little new Supply to the Readers of Divine Poems, is this ſmall Piece ſent abroad; which tho' it be not of the fineſt Sort, yet, 'tis hop'd, may be agreeable in ſome Meaſure for the very Novelty of it. Even a courſe Diſh of Meat will pleaſe the Palat, not only when a Man is hungry, but when he is cloyed with a much finer Diſh too often ſerved up to him.

I ſhall not here renew the Complaint, that has been ſo often and juſtly made, of the criminal Abuſe of a Thing ſo excellent and ſacred as Poeſy: Nor offer to ſhew how much better Divine Subjects do become it, than thoſe of any other Nature. That has been done to very good Purpoſe by others, particularly

cularly the ingenious and pious Mr. *Watts*, in his excellent Preface to his *Horæ Lyricæ*, and others there mentioned; and therefore I insist not on it.

In reviſing the following Poems, and preparing them for the Preſs, a good many of the ſame Kind, with thoſe here publiſhed, were thrown by; and of ſeveral of theſe publiſhed as many Lines were altered or daſhed out, as are retained; which is one Reaſon why ſome of them are ſo ſhort, and touch their Subjects ſo imperfectly; and why in others of them there will, perhaps, appear Gapes in the Connexion; and why too, a good many of the Lines will be thought more forced and entangled than others. But I was reſolved, by all Means, to make the Volume ſmall, that if it ſhould not be thought good, it ſhould not have another Fault of being great.

Such as underſtand the true Propriety of the *Engliſh* Language, will, no doubt, obſerve

ſerve a great many Phraſes, or Ways of ſpeaking that will be called *Scoticiſms*, as well as wrong accenting of Words, according to the *Engliſh* Pronounciation: But the Candid Reader will be more ready to excuſe this Fault, when he his told, that the Author has had no Advantage of knowing the *Engliſh* Tongue, but his own Reading, joined with a little Reflexion. Tho' he muſt be free to ſay, that there are a good many Words variouſly accented by the beſt *Engliſh* Poets themſelves. And if the Senſe be plain, and the Thought (which he has always moſt ſtudied) be agreeable, he is eaſy whether the Expreſſion be called *Scots* or *Engliſh*.

In the Poems of heroick Meaſure, it will readily be objected, that I have treſpaſſed againſt the great Examples of the Age, in making the Lines ſo often run into one another, and not ending the Senſe with the Copulet. But I cannot help being of the ſame Opinion with the Reverend Mr. *Watts*, who,

in his Preface to his *Horæ Lyricæ*, says, "It "degrades the Excellency of the best Versi- "fication, when the Lines run on by Copu- "lets Twenty together, just in the same Pace, "and with the same Pauses. It spoils the "Nobler Pleasure of the Sound: The Rea- "der is tired with the tedious Uniformity, "or charmed to Sleep with the unmanly "Softness of the Numbers, and the perpetual "Chime of even Cadencies.

RHYME is reckoned a Fettering of *English* Verse, and why double Fetters should be thought an Excellency I cannot see. I own I am one of these who plead for the Use of Rhyme in *English* Poesy. For, tho' I can read, with a great deal of Pleasure, a good Poem in Blank Verse, yet I think that Rhyme (where the Poem is otherwise good too) has this Advantage, that, besides helping the Memory, it pleases the Ear, and makes some Amends for the Redundancy of Monosyllables in the *English* Tongue, that so often occasion

caſion abrupt and harſh Cadences at the End of Lines. In *Engliſh* Poeſy one will obſerve that, generally ſpeaking, nine Lines of ten end in Monoſyllables; whereas in the whole Works of *Virgil* there are but a few of that Kind to be found. And even theſe, except where the *Synalæpha* ſmooths the Sound, have an obſervable harſh Cadence.

BUT yet, at the ſame Time, I think, that the Cure ſhould not be extended further than the Diſeaſe requires; nor that, inſtead of taking ſome Help from Rhyme to gratify the Ear, the Senſe ſhould be ſo confined to it, as not to dare to ſtep the length of a Comma or Colon beyond it.

WHETHER this ſhall be thought a juſt Criticiſm I know not, nor am I much concerned. I only deliver it as my own Opinion, and what determined me, at the ſame Time that I made Uſe of Rhyme, to allow the Senſe or Thought frequently to go beyond

the Copulet. And 'tis plain, that the Ancients obſerve no ſuch Rule of concluding the Senſe with the Copulet, except in the *Elegiacks*, where the Nature of the Verſe ſeems peculiarly to require it: Tho', even in theſe, there are frequent Exceptions from the Rule. Yea, in the *Sapphicks* of *Horace*, one Stanza is frequently made to run into another.

THOSE of a delicate Taſte in Poeſy, will find a great many other Faults in the following Poems. Nor indeed are they publiſhed with any View or Expectation of being reliſhed by ſuch; eſpecially if the Subjects of them are alſo diſliked by them. They are chiefly deſigned for the Entertainment of pious and devout Minds, who, if the Thoughts pleaſe them, will be ready to excuſe the Faults and Defects of the Poeſy. And if they cannot be allowed to deſerve the Name of Poems, let them paſs for pious Meditations in a Poetical Dreſs, which, tho' it be

be not of the fineſt Sort, will not, 'tis hop'd, make them leſs agreeable even to the Generality of thoſe who read Poems.

As for the Criticks, if they ſhall daign to caſt their Eyes on this little Piece, and give themſelves the Trouble of pointing out the Faults and Blemiſhes of it, I tell them before Hand, I ſhall be even with them, *i. e.* I ſhall deſpiſe what they ſhall ſay. I write neither for Reputation nor Bread, but to miniſter, as I have ſaid, to the Satisfaction of ſerious Chriſtian Readers, into whoſe Hands this little Book may come. And if that take Effect, I have my End. And even tho' it fail, I can be eaſy in the Thought of having deſigned well.

But I ſhall not detain the Reader, in ſaying any Thing further touching the following Poems; they are now printed, and let them take their Fate. But were I to ſwell this little Volume, with a large and diſproportioned Preface, my Buſineſs ſhould be to recom-

mend, not the Poems, but the Subject of them, the *Spiritual Life*. Here all the Rhetorick of which I was Maſter ſhould be diſplayed. On this Subject I would expatiate with Pleaſure; and if my Talent was any better in Proſe than *Poeſy*, I ſhould not be frighted by the Cenſure of Want of Proportion and *Decorum*, from making the Preface twice as large as the Volume to which it is prefixed; if by this Means I could, with any Succeſs, recommend to others, what I my ſelf have ſo high an Eſteem of, the *Spiritual Life*. O the Excellency of the *Spiritual Life!* who that knows it by Experience, can ſpeak of it without ſomething of a Rapture!

It is indeed a myſterious and unknown Life to the Generality of Mankind; but not a Whit leſs real and excellent for all that. The *Scepticks* may call it *Whim*, *Deluſion*, *Fancy*, and what they pleaſe; but ſure I am, there is more real and ſolid Pleaſure in this Deluſion, than in any other Courſe of Life in

the

the World; and if it be a Deluſion, may I never be awakened out of it, may I never be undeceived.

But why Deluſion? Muſt every Thing be ſo accounted that ſome Men do not underſtand? What Arrogance is this? Would he not be laughed at, who knowing nothing of the Principles of the *Mathematicks*, ſhould poſitively aſſert, that all the Demonſtrations of that *Science* are nothing but Jargon and Nonſenſe; becauſe, forſooth, he comprehends them not? And who that ſees the Light will therefore doubt it, becauſe One born blind maintains that there is no ſuch Thing as Light, for this good Reaſon that he ſees it not? It is long ſince the holy Apoſtle *Paul* ſaid, on the juſteſt Grounds, and thoſe not peculiar to his Times, *That the natural Man knows not the Things of the Spirit of God; for they are Fooliſhneſs unto him, neither can he know them, becauſe they are ſpiritually diſcerned*, 1 Cor. ii. 14.

IF Men give any Credit at all to the holy Scriptures, they muſt own that there is ſuch a Thing as a Spiritual and Divine Life, which is raiſed above the Perception of Senſe and natural Reaſon. What is it, that, next to God himſelf, the holy Scriptures, eſpecially of the New Teſtament, ſpeak ſo much of, as the Grace of God? And what ſhall we think this Grace of God is? Shall we ſay of it as *Brutus* in his ſullen Mood ſaid of Vertue, *It is only a Name?* If we attend to the Effects that are aſcribed to this Grace of God in the Holy Scriptures, we muſt own that it is a real, living, active, powerful Principle planted in the Hearts of Chriſtians, by which they have not only a Spiritual Life begun in them in their firſt Converſion and Regeneration, by which they are ſaid to be *transformed into the Divine Likeneſs, made new Creatures, Partakers of a Divine Nature*; but are alſo helped daily to advance in this new and *Spiritual Life*, and to make Progreſs in Holineſs and Goodneſs towards Perfection. By which

Grace

Grace of God they are enabled to perform the Duties of holy Obedience; to maintain the Exercise of Faith, Love, Hope, Patience, Contentment, Resignation and other Divine Vertues; to resist the Temptations of Satan, and of the World; to mortify the Lusts and Passions of their corrupt Natures; to raise their Affections above earthly Things, to have their Conversation in Heaven, and to partake of a Divine exalted Pleasure in the Performance of their Devotions and spiritual Exercises. And what is the Grace of God, thus acting and exerting itself in the Souls of true Christians, but a *Life*, a Spiritual and Divine *Life*, tho' carnal and unrenewed Men are Strangers to it? Is not the blessed Spirit of God called the *Comforter*? But why is that Name given to Him, if he does not administer Divine Comforts unto the Souls of Believers? And if there be no such Thing as Communion with God, or special, tho' secret Manifestations of the Love and Favour of God bestowed on good Men, what is the Meaning of these Words,

John xiv. 21. *He that hath my Commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest my self unto him.* And ver. 23. *If a Man love me, he will keep my Words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our Abode with him.* And *John* 1. Epist. Chap. i. ver. 3. — *Truly our Fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.* Was the Apostle *Paul* beside himself, as *Festus* once alledged he was, or did he not speak forth the Words of Truth and Soberness, in that excellent Saying of his, Gal. ii. 20. *I am crucified with Christ: Nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the Life which I now live in the Flesh, I live by the Faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me?* Agreeable to which is that short, but substantial Account, he gives us both of his own Life, and that of true Christians in his Days, 2 Cor. v. 7. *For we walk by Faith, and not by Sight.*

WERE

WERE all these holy Men, and Saints of GOD under the Power only of a strong Delusion, when they expressed themselves in Terms importing so much of a Divine and Heav'nly Pleasure, in their Approaches to GOD, and Intercourses with him? As particularly the Royal Psalmist *David*, in these Words of his, *Psal.* iv. 6, 7. *There be many that say, Who will shew us any Good? Lord, lift thou up the Light of thy Countenance upon us. Thou hast put Gladness in my Heart, more than in the Time that their Corn and their Wine increased.* And *Psal.* lxiii. 3. — *Because thy loving Kindness is better than Life: my Lips shall praise thee. Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my Hands in thy Name. My Soul shall be satisfied as with Marrow and Fatness; and my Mouth shall praise thee with joyful Lips: When I remember thee upon my Bed, and meditate on thee in the Night Watches. Because thou hast been my Help, therefore in the Shadow of thy Wings will I rejoice. My Soul followeth hard after thee: Thy*

Right

Right Hand upholdeth me. These Seraphick Breathings of pious *Asaph*, *Psal.* lxxiii. *v.* 23. — *Nevertheless, I am continually with thee: Thou hast holden me by my Right Hand. Thou shalt guide me with thy Counsel, and afterward receive me to Glory. Whom have I in Heaven but thee? And there is none upon Earth that I desire besides thee. My Flesh and my Heart faileth; but God is the Strength of my Heart, and my Portion for ever.* That devout Address of the holy Prophet *Isaiah*, Chap. xxvi. 9. *With my Soul have I desired thee in the Night; yea, with my Spirit within me will I seek thee early.* And that Triumph of Faith and Resignation with which the Prophet *Habakkuk* concludes his admirable Song, Chap. iii. 17. *Altho' the Figtree shall not blossom, neither shall Fruit be found in the Vines, the Labour of the Olives shall fail, and the Fields shall yield no Meat, the Flock shall be cut off from the Fold, and there shall be no Herd in the Stalls. Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my Salvation.*

THESE

THESE Old Teſtament Saints knew very well what it is to have Communion and Fellowſhip with God: They were not Strangers to the Life and Power of Godlineſs, and the exalted Pleaſures of the Divine Life.

AND then as to the New Teſtament Saints, read only what the Apoſtle *Peter* ſays of them with Reference to their Faith and Joy in Chriſt, 1 *Pet.* i. 8. *Whom having not ſeen, ye love; in whom though now ye ſee him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with Joy unſpeakable, and full of Glory.* Do not theſe Words breathe ſomething ſo ſublime, ſo rapturous and heavenly, as tranſcends not only the Senſe and Experience of carnal and unrenewed Men, but even of ordinary Chriſtians themſelves?

I have inſiſted on this Subject beyond what I at firſt intended: And what has helped to it, I own is the Indignation with which I have read the Impious and Blaſphemous Expreſſions that ſome of late Years have vented a-

againſt ſerious Practical Godlineſs, or which is the ſame Thing, the *Spiritual Life*. *Porphyry* and *Celſus*, and their Succeſſors the Scepticks and Infidels of this and the laſt Age, never vented more impious and bitter Invectives againſt the Speculative Myſteries of Chriſtianity, than they have done againſt the Practical Myſteries thereof. And they are not only the open and profeſt Enemies of Religion, I here mean, but even ſome others of a better Character, and otherwiſe of no ſmall Merit, who have dropt from their Pens, ſuch Things to the Diſparagement of ſerious Godlineſs, as I would not, for all the World, have charged upon me at the Day of Judgment. *O my Soul come not thou into their Secret, into their Aſſembly mine Honour be thou not united.*

I have but one Thing further to trouble the Reader with before I conclude, *viz.* That in the Poem intituled, *The Pleaſure of Divine Love*, where I have taken the Liberty to men-

mention the Names and Writings of ſome celebrated Poets of the *Engliſh* Nation, I have uſed an Expreſſion with Reference to one of them, *viz.* the laſt there mentioned, that, perhaps, may ſound harſh in the Ears of ſome Readers. But, I hope it will be enough to obviate this Objection to tell, that it is not the Man (whoever he be) but the *Poet*, I mean. I pray God may grant him Repentance and Forgiveneſs for what I cannot but reckon a Piece of great Impiety; eſpecially, if it be true, as I am informed, that he is a Clergyman.

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The Reader will be pleaſed to correct the following Errors of the Preſs.

PAge 13. Line 12. for, and twiſt, read *twiſted*, p. 24. l. 9. for quite, r. *quit*. p. 37. l. 1. for I'm, r. *I've*, p. 39. l. 3. for 'tis, r. *its*, p. 54. l. 11. for where, r. *were*, p. 62. l. 3. for the, r. *theſe*, p. 81. l. 5. for they, r. *thy*, p. 143. l. 10. for has, r. *haſt*, p. 149. l. 6. for Impoſture, r. *Impoſtor*, p. 208. l. 2. for with, r. *of*.

Spiritual Life.

Paradiſe : Or a Wiſh for Heaven.

I.

SIck of this world, and all its toys,
My anxious ſoul longs to take wing,
In queſt of more ſubſtantial joys,
And flowing from a purer ſpring.

II.

O heav'nly country! beauteous land!
The native ſeat of bliſs ſincere:

When ſhall I on thy frontier ſtand,
And ſay my home, my reſt is here?

III.

How pure the air! how ſweet the clime!
How ſoft the endleſs ſummer day!
Here no viciſſitudes of time,
No carking cares wear life away.

IV.

Eternal health reigns in theſe fields
Of light, and love, and ſmiling joy:
Each glorious ſcene a pleaſure yields,
That might eternity employ.

V.

How fair the fruit, for ever ripe,
That bend the trees on which they grow!
How pure the ſtreams (life's double type)
That from perennial ſources flow!

VI.

What flow'ry banks! what ſhady groves!
What labyrinths of art divine!
What images of heav'nly loves,
And beauties, here, unſpotted ſhine!

VII.

O Paradiſe! O heav'nly reſt!
Of pious minds the bleſt repoſe:
Where true ambroſial ſweets 'em feaſt,
And youth more blooming ever grows.

VIII.

Where no diſeaſe, nor fretting pain,
Nor envy ſour, nor bitter ſtrife,
Nor any ſorrows place obtain,
To pall the joys of perfect life.

IX.

Where vain amuſements, idle hours,
Impertinence ſtill holding forth,
For ever are ſhut out of doors;
And nothing dwells but finiſh'd worth.

X.

Where ſaints with ſaints delighted walk,
And angels as companions join;
And, whilſt with open hearts they talk,
How wiſe they grow in things divine!

XI.

Where GOD himſelf keeps royal court;
Where JESUS, lovely JESUS, dwells;
And, as they to his throne reſort,
He all his charms to them reveals.

XII.

Oh could my ſoul, wing'd like a dove,
Take flight, to this fair EDEN bent:
Till I have reach'd theſe joys above,
I'll ne'er arrive at true content.

The Summary.

In Alluſion to PSAL. lxxi. ver. 5, 6.

I.

YOU ask my hiſtory? The ſum
Of it, in a few words receive,
Words which with pleaſure I repeat,
And, on my heart, would fain engrave.

II.

" O GOD, my GOD, thou art my hope,
" The object of my youthful truſt;
" Thy care has me, ſince I was born,
" A child of providence ſtill nurs'd.

III.

" By thee, I firſt breath'd vital air;
" Into thy arms dropt from the womb:
" Me, thy embraces, for times paſt,
" Have bore, and ſhall for times to come.

IV.

" Thus thine by nature, and by ties
" Of gratitude, my being ſhall,
" Long as it laſts, proclaim the praiſe
" Of GOD the author of my all.

The Advantage of an Early Piety.

HOw happy are theſe favourites of heav'n,
To whom the grace of GOD, betimes, is giv'n;
By which preſerv'd from youth-beguiling ſnares,
They grow, apace, in virtue as in years.
How pleaſant 'tis to ſee the blooming boy,
The firſt attention of his years employ,
In ſerving his Creator, whoſe commands
Are but the print of his late forming hands!
When, early, enter'd on religion's ways,
The hopeful child, amongſt his firſt eſſays,
Liſps out his heav'nly Father's mighty name,
In pray'r and praiſe; and ripens in his aim.
When, like bleſt JESUS, now at twelve arriv'd,
(Th' example was for youth's behoof contriv'd)
He makes his pious diſpoſition known,
And minds his Father's buſ'neſs, and his own.
O youth, the happieſt time of mortal age,
In the ſpiritual warfare to engage;

Before

Before, the pow'r of evil habits grow
Too ſtrong for future diſcipline to bow:
Before, old Satan, by his ſubtile art,
Get full poſſeſſion of the youthful heart:
Reſolv'd to hold it ſubject to his might;
Proudly uſurping the Creator's right.
Before, the world's enchanting vanities
Allure the paſſions, and the mind entice,
To follow them, in a deluſive chace;
Flatt'ring, but never filling the embrace.
Before ſtrong luſts, with lawleſs rage, combine
To conquer reaſon's force, and undermine
The good impreſſions education gave;
And both the body and the ſoul enslave.
How gay a thing is early piety!
How lovely are the charms that beautify
The young, the zealous, heav'n-ward bending ſaint!
So, in the orchard, looks the riſing plant,
Whoſe fruit mature, its verdant boughs adorn;
And all its aged neighbours ſeems to ſcorn.
O! bleſt be GOD, who, by his grace beſtow'd,
Inclin'd me, early, to religion's road.

The

The happy days of youth's ſweet period, ſtill
Afford me pleaſure, and for ever will.
Oh ! had my riper years kept pace in zeal,
With thoſe of youth, what wonders could I tell
Of the ſpiritual life ? whilſt, now alace !
I ſcarcely its firſt principles can trace.

The ſecure Sinner awakened.

'STOP, thoughtleſs wand'rer, ſtop and look around,
" 'Tis all, on which thou tread'ſt, enchanted ground?
" Wake, wake, and ſee thy fate ! but one ſtep more,
" And ah ! thou'rt loſt beyond redeeming pow'r !
Ha ! plainly ſo ! ah me ! th'illuſions fled,
I ſee how near to death I fearleſs tread :
Below, yon firy gulf extended lies,
And o'er it, hangs this dreadful precipice !
Juſt at the brink of which I'm come, before
I was aware : ah ! juſt not tumbl'd o'er.

Amazing

Amazing ſight! how many ſouls here loſt!
What millions on the firy billows toſt,
With fruitleſs moans, lament themſelves undone,
Plung'd in the woes they wou'd not, timely, ſhun!
The ſame, O horror! now had been my fate,
(If yet there's leſt a way for my retreat)
Had not kind heav'n, that watch'd me, ſent this call,
When I was tott'ring, to prevent my fall.
O fond deluſion! whither am I brought,
Without one ſerious, one relenting thought?
Ruſhing through thouſand dangers unobſerv'd,
And, by a train of miracles preſerv'd;
Till now 'twixt life and death, hope and deſpair,
Amaz'd I wait the doubtful iſſue here!
So the night walker, fearleſs, dares to climb
O'er walls, and tops of houſes, in his dream;
He fancies all a plain, till by the cries
Of the ſpectators wak'd, he ſoon eſpies
His danger, on each ſide, and giddy grown,
Hangs trembling, by the tile, or tumbles down.

A Penitential Reſentment.

I Bluſh, O GOD, tow'rds heav'n, to lift my eyes;
Leaſt I, with looks impure, pollute thy skies:
I tremble, LORD, when I preſume to ſpeak,
Leaſt my vile breath, thy ſleeping thunders wake.
So oft have I, thy terrors all defy'd,
Thy laws tranſgreſſing, with a daring pride,
That, now, I fear repentance comes too late;
And pray'rs ſhall only urge my ling'ring fate.
Oh! wretch forlorn, where ſhall I ſhelter find,
Hid from an angry GOD, and guilty mind?
What do, what ſuffer, to avert the blow
Of threatned vengeance, dire impending woe?
O GOD, I my prodigious folly ſee,
In waging ſuch unequal war with thee!
A worm may bear a mountain without pain,
As well as I one frown of thine ſuſtain.
O break my heart, burſt forth in floods of tears:
Waſte, waſte away my life, with rueful cares:

Let

Let raging ſorrows, through my boſom roll;
Let bitter anguiſh ev'ry joy controul:
Let ſighs, and groans, and all the pomp of woe
Concur, my deep unfeign'd diſtreſs to ſhow.
Tho' ſuch poor woes heav'n's rage can ne'er attone,
I'll ſacrifice them, to appeaſe mine own.
If, on my ſins, reveng'd I cannot be,
I ſhall, to purpoſe, fooliſh heart on thee.

A Penitential Confeſſion of Sin.

PSAL. li. *from* ver. 1. *to* ver. 13. *paraphras'd.*

I.

HAVE mercy, LORD, elſe I'm undone,
Thy boundleſs mercy, LORD, I crave:
Thy mercies infinite alone
Surpaſs my ſins, and can me ſave.

II.

Oh! that the multitudes of *thoſe*,
The heaps of *theſe* might cover o'er;

As

" As when the ocean overflows
" The ſands, that ly along the ſhore.

III.

O ! waſh me, for I'm monſtrous foul ;
As hell itſelf impure am I ;
Waſh white, my black and ugly ſoul ;
I'm ſick of my deformity.

IV.

My ſins, which thou, O GOD, know'ſt well,
My willing tongue recounts to thee :
Beſide my ſins what can I tell ?
Beſide my ſins I nothing ſee.

V.

Before my eyes, they ever walk,
And kill me, with upbraiding glare :
The frightful ſpectres ever ſtalk,
And in my face, for ever, ſtare.

VI.

'Gainſt thee I've always ſinn'd, my GOD ;
Whatever others may complain,
Still under foot thy honour trod,
And wounded, through their ſides, has been.

VII. Should

VII.

Should GOD my judge, who witneſs was,
Me, for my crimes, to death condemn,
I'd own the juſtice of his laws;
The righteous ſentence loud proclaim.

VIII.

Lo! from my origin I'm vile;
Guilt, my conception overſpread:
I mourn the ſtreams that me defile;
I mourn the corrupt fountain-head.

IX.

When forming, in the womb, I lay,
Fermenting ſin mix'd with my ſeeds:
Its venom poiſon'd all my clay;
And twiſt itſelf, with all my threeds.

X.

Lo! thou, with candid honeſty,
O GOD of truth, delighted art:
No ſight more pleaſing is to thee,
Than an ingenuous holy heart.

XI.

Ah! this I've loſt, and now lament
My ſilly frauds, as vile, as vain:
Oh, make me wiſely penitent,
That I thy favour may regain.

XII.

O purge me, purge with hyſop, LORD,
I mean the virtue of thy grace;
That virtue, if thou ſpeak'ſt the word,
Shall my tranſgreſſions quite efface.

XIII.

My pure and ſpotleſs innocence,
The whiteſt ſnow ſhall, then, outvie;
No relict of the leaſt offence,
Shall, then, provoke thy jealous eye.

XIV.

O do the work, moſt gracious GOD;
Let me, thy joyful pardon, hear.
Diſcharge my ſoul of this great load
Of guilt, and grief ſhe cannot bear.

XV.

O turn away thy holy eyes,
Behold not my provoking crimes:
O take the record (*mercy cries*)
And daſh out all the hated lines.

XVI.

In me, create a clean heart, LORD,
The work muſt a creation be:
As man was, firſt, made, by thy word,
Such a new creature make of me.

XVII.

My naughty ſp'rit, like a machine
Whoſe wheels are broken, uſeleſs lies;
My ſp'rit refit, O GOD, again,
With motions, holy free and wiſe.

XVIII.

Caſt me not off, wild, and forlorn:
The curſe of *Cain* I cannot bear;
An exile, chas'd from GOD, with ſcorn,
Is the worſt hell that I can fear.

XIX.

Thy holy Spirit, whom I've griev'd,
So oft, O take not quite away.
"Go on, and dy, as you have liv'd,
O never, LORD, O never ſay.

XX.

Let joy ariſe in my ſad heart,
The joy of thy ſalvation dear:
Thy gracious ſuccours, LORD, impart;
Prevent my ſinking in deſpair.

XXI.

For this, I ſhall thy praiſe proclaim,
With grateful pleaſure, all my days:
For this, be zealous to reclaim
Tranſgreſſors from their evil ways.

A Plea of Faith for Pardon of Sin.

I.

TO thee, dear Saviour, cleaves my heart;
My eager ſoul takes hold on thee:
Oh ſay not, ſay not, "Wretch, depart:
"With hands polluted, touch not me.

II.

To whom, LORD, ſhould a ſinner go,
But to a Saviour; turn thy face:
I cannot, will not, let thee go,
Till I have ſhar'd forgiving grace.

III.

O let thy mercy, for me, plead;
Oh! hear thine own compaſſions cry:
A friend is known in time of need;
The friend art thou, the needy I.

IV.

Hear thy own vocal blood, O hear.
How many tongues! how many cries!
"O ſpare, the malefactor ſpare,
"Who, to the refuge-city, flies.

V.

I'm filthy, LORD, to a degree;
Diſeas'd, all over, is my ſoul;
But, 'tis an eaſy thing, for thee
To ſay, "Poor man, be clean, be whole.

VI.

Lo! open'd wide the fountain ſtands,
The fountain of thy precious blood;
I put my life, LORD, in thy hands,
And plunge into the ſacred flood.

Another Plea of Faith.

I.

*How well she touch'd, who virtue drew
From *Him* behind his back!
If I the happy secret knew,
I should not virtue lack.

II.

‖ How brave, Centurion, was thy faith?
Could I believe like thee,
My soul, tho' at the point of death,
To life restor'd should be.

III.

† A *Cana'nite* pursues her suit,
Repuls'd she pleads again,
Firm stands her faith, and resolute;
She will, she must obtain.

IV.

Why may'nt then others? why may'nt I
Believe as well as they?
Sure—

* *Matth.* 9. 20. ‖ *Matth.* 8. 5. † *Matth.* 15. 22.

Sure faith is no monopoly,
Nor grace giv'n all away.

V.

JESUS, my Saviour, *I believe,*
Help thou my unbelief,
Lo! hope I dawning now perceive,
My heart forbodes relief.

Pardon.

AN angel! no, a much diviner pow'r
Home to my breaſt, the bleſſed tydings bore.
I, rather, felt, than heard the meſſage go
Down to my heart, and ſpeak I know not how.
But deeply fixt, I'm ſure, it there remains;
"Turn, now, thy ſorrows into joyful ſtrains,
"Sinner, thy pardon's ſeal'd; proclaim the grace
"Of him, who, dearly, merited thy peace.
O welcome news! ſoon as my Saviour ſpoke;
All my afflicting bonds aſunder broke;

A joyful freedom, in my ſoul, enſu'd,
I'll, from that moment, date my life renew'd.
O GOD, my Saviour, what returns can ſhow
The obligations to thy grace I owe?
Had I a thouſand hearts, with love, to flame;
A thouſand tongues, thy praiſes to proclaim,
To thee, I'd, gladly, ſacrifice them all,
And only grudge my off'ring was too ſmall.
But hark! his voice divine, methinks I hear
Whiſp'ring, again, glad tydings in my ear:
Huſh all my pow'rs, and reverently bend.
This ſecond heav'nly meſſage to attend.

The Promiſe.

ISAIAH liv. *from* ver. 6. *to* ver. 11. *Paraphras'd*

AS mourns the penſive, ſolitary bride,
Scorn'd, and her youthful husband's love deny'd;
Whilſt the fierce anger of his jealous mind,
Removes her, widow'd by divorce unkind:

Or,

Or, when thus puniſh'd, for her broken vows,
She, penitent, would plight her faith anew:
So have I ſeen thee mourn, and ſo, complain;
But now I'll love and comfort thee again;
So ſaith thy GOD, ſo will he do
Who is thy Maker, and thy Husband too;

II.

Tho' ſad, yet ſhort has been the ſpace
Of my diſpleaſure, and of thy diſgrace;
But now, that mournful ſeaſon o'er,
A ſeaſon to return no more;
With all the warmth of love divine,
That, from my heart, can paſs to thine.
With all the ſmiles, that, in my face
Diſplay'd, can ſpeak my deareſt grace,
Lo! thee, fair penitent, lo! thee I now embrace.
Tho' time ſhall end, there ne'er ſhall be
A period of my love to thee:
Nor ſhall the diſtant day ariſe, to tell
That once I lov'd thee, but not, now, ſo well.

So

So ſaith thy GOD, ſo ſhall it be,
Believe his word, for ſo ſaith he
Whoſe love laſts, like himſelf, to all eternity.

III.

When righteous *Noah* grace obtain'd,
To ſave a remnant of mankind;
The ſwelling floods bore him, on high,
A trav'ller where,
Through tracts of air,
The birds, before, were wont to fly.
But, when I ſpoke, the floods obey'd;
Proud as they were, they homage paid,
And downward, quickly, roll'd their tide,
Within old limits to abide:
And, then, the weary ark took reſt;
And, then, to ſooth the patriarch's breaſt,
Which fluctuated ſtill, with cares,
Tumultuous jealouſies and fears,
By my Almighty ſelf, I ſwore,
That, whilſt the reins are in my hand,
Which guide the univerſe, with uncontroul'd command,

The

The waters of abyſs, no more,
Joining with haughty ocean's ſtore,
Their bars ſhall break,
And licence take,
To ſpread their daring floods, o'er the forbidden land.

IV.

Ev'n ſo, my darling, has it been with thee:
So delug'd thou, haſt, ſo, been ſav'd by me.
So have I caus'd, thy ſorrows, to abate;
So, now, to glad thee, peace I intimate;
And ſo have I confirm'd it, by my oath,
That never, will I, with thee, more, be wroth.
" Look up, and ſee the peaceful bow
" Arch'd round my reconciled brow;
" Believe thy ſelf, in ſafety, now,
" As ever thou ſhalt be,
" Like *Noah*, with thank off'rings, ſacrifice to me.

V.

But ſeas and floods ſo reſtleſs are,
High banks and ſhores their rage muſt bar,
And bridle their fierce threats.

But, ſure, the mountains are not ſo;
Long will it be e'er they a trav'ling go,
And leave their ancient ſeats:
And, yet, unleſs you can ſuppoſe,
The mountains ſhall quit their repoſe,
And all the hills, at once, take flight,
And vaniſh, ever, out of ſight:
Then be aſſur'd, that my firm love,
Once fixt on thee, ſhall ne'er remove,
Nor leſs indulgent grow.
Yea know, my darling, know
That, tho' there ſurely comes a day,
When ev'ry mountain, ev'ry iſle,
Shall fly, on wings of flame, away:
When all above, and all below,
The works of nature, and of art,
The world, ſo beauteous in each part,
Shall burn its own great funeral pile:
Ev'n then, my cov'nant, made with thee,
The cov'nant of my peace,
Inſur'd by the veracity,
And ſtedfaſt purpoſe of my grace,

Unmov'd ſhall ſtand: and ſo ſhall thou
By it incircl'd, and all round thee, view
The univerſal havock of that dreadful day.
So ſaith thy GOD, who is ſo kind to thee!
So thy Redeemer ſaith, and ſo it ſure ſhall be.

A Thankſgiving for Pardon.

PSAL. ciii. *from* ver. 1. *to* 6. *and from* ver. 20. *to End, Paraphras'd.*

I.

O Bleſs the LORD, my ſoul excite
Thy ſelf, his praiſes to proclaim:
Let all thy chearful pow'rs unite,
To magnify his holy name.

II.

O bleſs the LORD, my ſoul, bleſs thou
Thy benefactor, with delight:
O ever bleſs, O ever glow
His matchleſs favours to recite.

III. As-

III.

At what a price, would'ſt thou have bought
The pardon of thy ſins, before?
He has diſcharg'd them all, for nought;
His grace has, freely, quit the ſcore.

IV.

Diſeaſes, many as the parts
Of which thou'rt made, afflicted thee:
All thy diſeaſes, wounds and ſmarts,
Compaſſionately cur'd has he.

V.

When vengeance, dreſs'd in dread array,
Stood hov'ring o'er thy guilty head;
He ſpoke impending death away,
And plac'd ſalvation, in its ſtead.

VI.

With mercies numberleſs as great,
He has thee, as his fav'rite, crown'd.
How gay is thy renewed ſtate?
What ſmiling joys, thee circle round?

VII.

His bounteous ſtores are open'd wide:
For bleſſings, ever freſh, make room.
How dull the eagle's youthful pride,
Compar'd with thy renewed bloom!

VIII.

O ye exalted heav'nly pow'rs,
Ye angels that his preſence throng,
My praiſes wing, on high, with yours,
Accent my notes, aſſiſt my ſong.

IX.

O bleſs the LORD, with me, O bleſs
Ye numerous hoſts, ye various ranks
Of beings he created has;
O join, with mine, your ſolemn thanks.

X.

Ye are his ſervants, and his praiſe
A task is, that belongs to you;
O all his creatures join to raiſe
The tribute that, to him, is due.

XI.

And thou my ſoul, with thy beſt art,
Begin and cloſe the harmony:
While laſts thy being, bear thy part;
And bleſs the LORD eternally.

A Grateful Thought.

SURE, on the earth, there are but few
Indebted more to heav'n's free grace:
And can'ſt thou, then, my ſoul, can'ſt thou
Let thy loud praiſes ever ceaſe?
But ah! dear LORD, what call I praiſe?
Poor words, and thoughts, like mine, can theſe
Merit ſo great a name?
Can e'er my weak and fleeting breath
Bring an acceſſion to thy fame?
In heav'n, where ſaints and angels praiſe,
They ſpeak ſtrange things, in ſuch ſtrange ways,
As cannot utter'd be on earth.
Yet, ſince, dear LORD, thou do'ſt allow,
Thee will I praiſe, with all my pow'r;

With willing mind, my mite I'll throw
Into thy treaſury's wealthy ſtore:
And may my uſeleſs being ceaſe,
To me extinguiſh'd be the ſenſe of bliſs,
When e'er I breath one faint deſire, my GOD, to
praiſe thee leſs.

The Light of Faith.

REASON, tho' honor to your name is due,
You muſt before ſuperior merit bow.
Whilſt, in a humbler ſphere, your uſeful ſhine,
Faith lifts her eyes to objects more divine.
Before the birth of time, by faith, we ſee
The tractleſs maze of paſt eternity:
Whilſt GOD was *all*: and in his mind diſplay'd,
The vaſt deſign of future worlds ſurvey'd.
When mercy all-divine, to ſhow her grace,
To the foreſeen, apoſtate human race,
Awoke eternal wiſdom to her aid,
Wiſdom which the amazing project laid,

Whoſe

Whoſe glorious iſſues ſet redeeming love,
The praiſes of creating power, above.
Stupendious heights! O wonders too ſublime,
For the moſt tow'ring angel-thought to climb!
Th' eternal ſhall be born! and GOD moſt high,
Low in an abject creature's poſture ly!
Stript of his honors; all his glories vail'd,
His throne relinquiſh'd, majeſty conceal'd.
By labours, toils, and infinite diſtreſs,
He ſhall, his love to human kind, expreſs!
By faith, I hear the early promiſe ſound,
And ſpread reviving hope and comfort round:
"The woman's Seed ſhall break the Serpent's pow'r;
"Revenge her wrongs, and what ſhe loſt reſtore.
By faith, I ſee the day advance apace,
Still with a brighter ſhine of heav'nly grace;
Till revelation, with meridian rays,
The ſcene of wonders, to the world, diſplays.
By faith, I ſee him from the Father come,
And change his boſom, for a virgin's womb:
Whilſt choirs of angels celebrate his birth,
The greateſt, and the meaneſt ſeen on earth.

Pur-

Purſu'd with ſpightful ſcorn, and uſage rude,
He leads a life all o'er divinely good.
The LORD of the creation daigns to be
Of indigence, and woe a prodigy.
His patience ſtill all injuries above,
He combates malice, with officious love.
By night, retir'd to heav'n to ſooth his pain;
By day, employ'd in doing good to men;
His dear profeſſion, his delightful task:
How pleas'd he is, to hear the wretched ask
The favours he with great propenſion does!
Griev'd when his profer'd bleſſings they refuſe.
The winds, and ſeas obedient to his word,
Proclaim him, of all nature ſov'reign LORD.
Demons, diſeaſes, plagues of ev'ry kind,
Which men afflict in body, or in mind,
Fly at his frown, and death, his conquer'd ſlave,
Yields up the pris'ner of the gloomy grave.
But lo! the moſt amazing ſcenes unfold,
Which mighty *Gabriel* trembles to behold.
The LORD of glory ſtoops, and proſtrate lies,
Pierc'd to the heart with the dire agonies

Of

Of death, envenom'd with the wrath of heav'n!
He cries for quarter, but no quarter's giv'n.
Th' Almighty Father ſummons all his rage,
His own dear Son, tremendous! to engage:
A dreadful gloom o'ercaſts each lovely charm
Seen in his face before! —— his lifted arm
Firſt, ſhakes the glitt'ring vengeance o'er his head,
Then, in his bowels, ſheaths the flaming blade!
Amazing ſight! ſtrange heap of myſteries!
Life's unexhauſted fountain bleeds and dies,
The GOD, the altar, prieſt, and ſacrifice!
But oh what bleſſings from his ſorrows flow!
O glorious triumphs of victorious woe!
Death, in his own dominions, he invades,
Purſues, and kills him, mid'ſt his native ſhades.
Hell's dark foundations his dread preſence ſhakes,
Satan he conquers, his proud empire breaks;
And thence, triumphant drags, in chains along,
Of grinning demons an unnumber'd throng.
The grave, rob'd of her richeſt treaſure mourns;
And all the ſpoils of duſt ignobler ſcorns.

Sin,

Sin, of all plagues, and woes the teeming womb,
Aboliſh'd lies, and bury'd in his tomb.
No further charge, the holy law indites
For diſregards, and violated rights.
Almighty juſtice quits her vengeful claims:
And conſcience pleas'd, the jubile proclaims.
The gates of heav'n, that bolted were by ſin,
Are open'd wide; and men may enter in,
To fill the vacancies of that bright ſphere,
Whence guilty cherubs once degraded were.
By faith I ſee him riſe, and lead the way,
Mounting triumphant, like the lord of day,
To his meridian glory, long prepar'd,
To crown his labours, and his woes reward.
Hence, he profuſely ſhow'rs his bleſſings down:
Hence, golden goſpel years roll ſtately on:
Hence, comes the Comforter, with all his train
Of heav'n-born graces, in our hearts to reign:
Victorious preaching, hence, begins to ſpread
Its conqueſts o'er the world, and captive lead
Mankind, who wretched captives were, before,
To ſin, and Satan's tyrannizing pow'r.

Much

Much was it, in old time, enquir'd by thoſe
Who bore the name of wiſe, whence evil roſe:
Much, in the dark, they grop'd, to find the cauſe
Why paſſion ſways us, more than reaſon's laws.
Faith leads us to this *Nilus-head*, and ſhows
The ſource, whence vice all humane race o'erflows:
The firſt-made hapleſs pair, that did begin
Earth to repleniſh, delug'd it with ſin.
In vain th' enquiring ſages, ever, try'd
By dictates grave and wiſe, to ſtem the tide;
Weak reaſon's rules could never have the force,
To ſtop ſin's current, or to drain its ſource.
'Tis grace, all-pow'rful grace, that only can
Reform the life, and vicious heart of man.
As much in vain, thoſe men of morals try'd,
Whilſt feeble reaſon was their only guide,
To find the way, that leads to the chief good;
'Bout end, and means, they ſtill diſputing ſtood.
Faith's quicker eye deſcrys the heav'nly coaſt,
The land which true felicity does boaſt;
And guides by its illuminations clear
The courſe we to the ſeats of bliſs muſt ſteer.

Come

Come then my pilot, to thy care reſign'd,
Conduct my voyage ; come O ev'ry wind,
And ev'ry tide that beſt can ſpeed my courſe,
Come blow me forward, with united force ;
Till, landed ſafe, on the immortal ſhore,
Your friendly aid, I thank, but need no more.
Come anchor weigh, my ſoul, no longer ſtay
In mud here fixt ; the ſeaſon calls away :
Spread all thy ſails, and let th' auſpicious gale
With a plerophery thy boſom ſwell.
Lo ! I the diſtant, ſhining coaſt deſcry :
Brighter and brighter, ſtill, it ſtrikes my eye.
Oh glorious climate of eternal day !
Blow ſtronger heav'nly gale, blow me, with ſpeed,
away.

The Admiration.

I.

I'LL never ceaſe, now I'm begun,
My GOD, to praiſe thy grace ſo rich, and free!
Who ſent thine own dear boſom Son,
From death and hell, to ſave a wretch like me.
But ah! how ſoon I loſe my ſong,
Silence and wonder hold my tongue!
From heights ſtupendious I look down!
Ah! now I'm giddy Grown,
Ah! now I nothing ſee,
I ſink, into a deep amazing myſtery!

II.

Recover'd, let me quick retire,
And, by more diſtant views, admire
This awful miracle of Grace.
Back to their ſource, the ſtreams I'll trace;
The cauſe, in its effects, ſurvey.
Yon Sun, the glorious lord of day,

Quite blinds us, when we try to gaze
On his inſufferable blaze,
Yet charms our eyes and glads our ſight,
With the ſoft temper'd rays of his reflected light.

III.

LORD, what am I! what Human race!
That we ſhould ſhare redeeming Grace!
From earth, from hell be rais'd on high
To heav'n and immortality!
With JESUS, and with GOD to dwell!
Poſſeſt of joys ineffable!
But ah! non-plus'd again
I muſt forego the dazling ſcene,
Whatever way my thoughts I bend
Strange myſteries I ſee.
How ſhall I, LORD, thy Greatneſs comprehend:
When ev'n mine own a wonder is to me!

IV.

JESUS, the dear adored friend
Of ſouls, 'bove all expreſſion kind,
What ſhall I think? my LORD, what ſay?
Where place my ſelf, whence beſt I may

The

The vaſt dimenſions of thy love ſurvey !
Tranſcendent, oh ! tranſcendent is its height !
Immenſe 'tis breadth ! 'tis depth ! 'tis weight
Of glory, overwhelms me quite !
I ſink ! I faint ! can ſay no more !
But, LORD, thou know'ſt my heart, I love, and I adore.

Chriſtian Duty.

Attend, dear Chriſtian, hear your Saviour ſpeak ;
To learn his laws with humble rev'rence bow :
Whoever his forgiving Grace partake,
Their gratitude, muſt by obedience ſhow.

BY Blood, my precious Blood, redeem'd from hell,
Henceforth, your GOD obey, with flaming zeal :
Renew'd in heart, as I point out to you,
A new and holy courſe of life purſue.

The Laws divine peruſe, with humble care;
And in your breaſt, their lively tranſcript bear:
Whilſt Knowledge guides, let Love inſpire your courſe,
That hold the light, and *this* give duty force.
For love of all religion is the ſoul,
The love of GOD, muſt reign without controul
In your ſubmiſſive breaſt, and by its ſway
Teach all your pow'rs, with pleaſure, to obey.
Yet, with your love, maintain the holy dread
Of GOD, from whom ſuch awful rays proceed,
Mix'd with his ſmiles, that who approach his throne
With greateſt freedom, fall the loweſt down.
On him depend, to him devoutly pray:
Your thanks to him, in ſolemn manner, pay:
For Pray'r and Praiſe are duties, both ſo plain
By nature's light, and common ſenſe of men,
That, if theſe acts of homage you refuſe,
Your monſtrous crime admits of no excuſe.
All *Moſes* taught, in moral rules, of old,
The dictates of eternal reaſon hold:

His

His ſacred precepts, ever, ſhall remain
The rule of manners, eaſy, ſhort, and plain:
And, when the heav'n and earth both paſs away,
Fixt ſhall the Law's juſt obligation ſtay.
Your brother love; this precept I renew,
And, with a charge peculiar, urge on you.
Love is the badge, the character divine
Mark'd out, to make my true diſciples ſhine
Diſtinguiſh'd from the world; and raiſe the fame
Of my Religion, and the Chriſtian Name.
That you're exactly *juſt*, muſt not ſuffice;
In acts diviner chriſtian friendſhip lies:
To others you muſt favours do, tho' they
Or can't, or won't the kindneſs done, repay:
Yea, wait you muſt not till the favour's ſought,
It muſt, by your preventing hand, be brought:
And, what to fleſh and blood is harder ſtill,
You muſt be ſure to render *good* for *ill*.
Sight of that noble maxim never loſe,
Which moral virtue, in perfection, ſhows:
"What, you would others have to do for you,
"For others, that, your ſelf be ſure to do.

Forbearance and forgiveneſs muſt declare
That you have learn'd the croſs, like me, to bear:
And, when preſs'd hardeſt, with the cauſeleſs wrongs
Of wicked men's injurious hands and tongues,
Patient and calm you muſt poſſeſs your ſoul,
Revenge ſuppreſs, tumultuous rage controul,
And wait ungrudg'd till the great judgment day
Shall all your wrongs with large amends repay.
Mean time, your bleſſings frankly heap on thoſe
Who curſe you loudeſt; and befriend your foes.
For ſo did I: but if you don't forgive,
You GOD's forgiveneſs never ſhall receive.
Each fav'rite luſt that in your boſom lies,
Expell'd, with indignation, ſacrifice.
'Tis madneſs to indulge forbidden joy,
And hug the vipers that would you deſtroy.
When ſin prevails, through weakneſs or ſurpriſe,
And preſſing guilt upon your conſcience lies;
Admit no reſpite till 'tis purg'd away,
Renew repentance, each returning day:
For guilt unpurg'd becomes a grievous load,
Both to the ſp'rit of man, and Sp'rit of GOD.

And

And hard'ning, by degrees, the ſinner grows
All adamant at laſt, prepar'd for vengeful blows.
The fountain of my Blood ſtill open ſtands,
Inviting you to come, with your demands,
To ſhare its virtues, oft as you have need
Of Grace to pardon, or to give you aid.
Your Time is ſhort, and flies with winged haſte;
Fly with it, in your care, to be poſſeſt
Of heav'nly bliſs; when time ſhall be no more,
Awake your ſoul, and ſummon ev'ry pow'r
To finiſh what you have ſo well begun;
For, now, or never, muſt your work be done.
This preſent world, a ſcene of vanities,
Learn, with a mind exalted, to deſpiſe:
Man was not made for things himſelf below;
Nor can the treaſures of the earth beſtow
A Good ſufficient, to content a mind,
For bliſs immortal and immenſe deſign'd.
Be very humble, meek and ſelf deny'd;
And ſhow your virtue moſt, when moſt 'tis try'd.
Pride is a vice, which mortals ill becomes,
Born to inherit their paternal tombs.

And

And at the Reſurrection, men ſhall ſtand
All on a level; only the right-hand
Shall to the Righteous, as their due, be giv'n
Who, by humility aſpir'd to heav'n.
Of your own Soul the government maintain,
Your Paſſions manage with a bended rein:
Tam'd by right reaſon, and religion's ſway
Teach them ſuperior dictates to obey:
Great is the conqueſt, happy is the skill
To rule your ſelf, and maſter your own Will.
Your Time redeem from all impertinence,
And much from bus'neſs too, that grave pretence
Of ſerious fools, who mighty pains beſtow,
Breaking their own, and other's quiet too,
For ſake of trifles, laſting but a day,
And throw their ſouls eternally away.
Of your Religion never be aſham'd,
Howe'er you may, as ſingular, be blam'd,
By herds, who madly haſte to be undone,
And hate the *few* that will not with them run.
Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way
That upward leads to everlaſting day;

And

And, if you would attain to endleſs life,
Puſh forward ſtill, with humble holy ſtrife.
Sin and temptations ſhun, with watchful care;
Look out, and, timely, ſpy each hidden ſnare
Laid by the ſly Seducer, in your way,
To catch you as his thoughtleſs eaſy prey.
In ſolitude, your actions oft review,
And greater heights of virtue ſtill purſue;
The life divine muſt to perfection grow,
And if not forward, will, ſure, backward go.
Live ſtill contented with your preſent ſtate;
Your duty's to obey, not to debate
The will of heav'n: nor muſt you take it ill
That things go oft contrary to your will.
Heav'n's Providence walks in myſterious ways,
And you muſt, tamely, follow through the maze;
Without enquiring why the way does run
So croſs? why this? or why is that thing done?
But when unvail'd the future ſcene ſhall be,
With joyful admiration you ſhall ſee
How all was wiſely done, and wondrous well for thee.

Mean

Mean time, by faith, live on the care of GOD,
Who all things ſways, by his almighty nod;
Who cloths the lillies, in array ſo fair;
Who feeds the feather'd people of the air;
Who makes his ſhow'r'd-down bleſſings daily fall;
And with diffuſive goodneſs comforts all.
Conſider you're a Pilgrim on the earth,
Of heav'n a Native, by your ſecond birth:
Live worthy your high character and ſtate,
And act a part divinely good and great.
Waft up your ſoul, in contemplations high,
Surmount the dusky regions of the sky,
And entertain your ſelf, with free delight,
In ranging o'er theſe glorious realms of light,
Where joys unbounded, pleaſures ever new,
A ſparkling crown of glory waits for you,
Soon as to mortal things you bid adieu.
Till then, the Croſs with reſignation bear,
And drink the Cup which I for thee prepare:
Yea grudge not, if the will of heav'n be ſo,
Thither, through water, fire, and blood to go.

Your

Your ſufferings ſhall be fully recompens'd,
When to a ſtate triumphant you're advanc'd,
And the ſhort tryals, you have undergone,
Add freſh, eternal glories to your crown.

The Reſolution.

THINE, LORD, I am, thine own I'll ever be;
Witneſs the vows which now I make to thee.
To ſerve thy pleaſure, and obey thy call,
Devoted lo! thou haſt my heart and *all.*
So much, to thee, I'm ſenſible I owe,
I only grudge, I can ſo little do:
But ſince the ſervice of a willing mind,
And honeſt heart, meets thy acceptance kind;
With chearful zeal, my GOD, I'll thee obey,
And mend my pace, in duty, ev'ry day.
Delight ſhall wings to my obedience give,
Whilſt, from thy Grace, I daily aids receive,
To make my Reſolutions perſevere,
And prove as conſtant, as they are ſincere.

Breath-

Breathings after Obedience.

PSAL. CXIX. *from* ver. 1. *to* 32. *Paraphras'd.*

HOw bleſt are they, who ſerve the LORD
with care!
Whoſe lives are blameleſs, as their hearts ſincere!
Who willingly ſubjected to his ſway,
The laws of GOD, with ardent zeal obey!

Bleſt they, who ſerve him with a pious mind
Averſe to evil, and to good inclin'd!
Thy precepts, LORD, thou bidſt us keep in view
And what they dictate, eagerly purſue.

O that my ſteps, conducted by thy grace,
Unerring could the path of duty trace:
When conſcious that I have thy laws obey'd,
I'll unaſham'd appear, and undiſmay'd.

LORD

LORD, with a heart ſincere, I will thee praiſe,
When I am grown experienc'd in thy ways:
To keep thy precepts ſtrongly I incline,
Deny me not, dear LORD, thy aids divine.

What is the rule, by which enquiring youth
Their manners beſt may form? thy word of truth.
With my whole heart, I have thy Grace implor'd;
Prevent my wand'ring from thy precepts, LORD.

Where ſhould I hide thy word, but in my heart?
The deareſt treaſure, in the deareſt part:
There have I hid it, there it ſhall remain
To guard my innocence, and peace maintain.

LORD thou art bleſt, and Bleſſings do'ſt beſtow:
No better Bleſſing to be ask'd I know,
Than the Religion of a pious mind,
Where practice is with ſpeculation join'd.

Thy Laws, my GOD, my richeſt treaſure, are,
Before all other wealth, I them prefer:

On them, my very heart and ſoul, is ſet;
So dear a treaſure I can ne'er forget.

Were Life my wiſh, I'd wiſh it for this end,
That in obedience I my life might ſpend:
Light too I'd ask, and a quick-ſighted eye
The myſt'ries of Religion to deſcry.

A ſtranger I'm on earth, and far from home;
Shew how I to my Father's houſe may come:
Thy holy precepts are the *good old way*,
Them, anxiouſly, my ſoul longs to obey.

While haughty ſinners meet thy dire rebukes,
O favour me, with thy reviving looks:
By thee approv'd I'll laugh at cauſeleſs ſhame,
Unmov'd, tho' monarchs ſhould my choice condemn.

Thy precepts, LORD, on which I meditate,
So wiſely are adapted to my ſtate,
That, in each doubtful queſtion, I receive
Direction from them, how I ſhould behave.

My

My humble ſoul encourage by thy word,
My undiſguis'd obedience proſper, LORD,
The beauties of thy law, to me, reveal,
And I'll their excellence, to others, tell.

When low I ly, and overcharg'd with grief,
I'll to thy Promiſe look for kind relief.
From error, ſave me, gracious GOD, and grant
Th' inſtruction of thy law, which yet I want.

My heart can witneſs that it is my choice,
To be directed, by thy precepts voice:
They my delightful contemplation are;
Yea in my heart, I hug their image dear:

Fain would I, with more expedition, run
The race of duty, which I have begun:
My heart, LORD, with thy heav'nly Grace, inſpire,
And then I'll run, and running never tire.

The Viſion.

I.

REPOSING on the ground I chanc'd to ly,
And upward looking, with a wand'ring eye,
Beheld the beauty of the azure sky.
The pious Patriarch's dream, when laid
To ſleep (a ſtone beneath his head)
At *Bethel*, in the open air,
Reſign'd to Providential care,
Run in my mind; when lo! methinks I ſee
A ſhining ladder, ſuch as he,
In awful viſion, ſaw erected high,
Its foot ſet on the earth, its top far 'bove the sky.
The radiant rounds a glorious burden bear
Of heav'nly Couriers all divinely fair:
On great important errands ſent,
Some downward came, ſome upward went:
And all ſeem'd wondrous pleas'd to bear

The

The meſſages and truſts, with which they honour'd were.
Gazing I'm held with wonder and delight,
Both pleas'd and aw'd, with ſuch a heav'nly ſight:
When lo! methinks I ſee
A lovely Youth, from heav'n, deſcend with ſpeed,
His eyes fixt, all along, on me.
Triumphant joy ſhone in his face,
Immortal charms, illuſtrious Grace
Sparkling all round him, ſaid
He, doubtleſs, was ſome godlike Head,
Some princely Leader of th' Angelick race.
Soon as alighted by my ſide,
Repreſſing his refulgent rays,
With ſmiles ineffable he ſays,
Ariſe, and follow me thy Guide,
Ariſe, and follow whither I ſhall lead.
Straight rais'd, with him I go,
And upward mount, I know not how,
But ſoon arriv'd we were,
Far 'bove the clouds, far 'bove the air,
Far 'bove the heav'ns remoteſt ſphere,

At that Celeſtial climate, where
Immortal life, and joys eternal reign;
Th' imperial ſeat of GOD, the world's Almighty King.

II.

When here arriv'd, with my fair Guide,
And caution'd not to wander from his ſide,
Straight, an impetuous tide
Of glorious overflowing light,
Burſts forth, from a vaſt ocean's ſide,
Which ruſhing back, ſtraight us conveys
Fat, far into th' uncircumſcribed Blaze,
Where all the ſtars we ſee, by night,
As bright as is the mid-day ſun,
And he as big and bright, as all of them alone;
Still would their day but gloomy be,
Faint, like the early dawn, when we
Half mid-night, and half morning ſee,
Compar'd with heav'n's refulgent, everlaſting noon.
Stark blind I'm ſtruck at the firſt op'ning glare:
Nor know I, now, or how I am, or where!
But ſoon, my Guide his help applies.

And

And with a ſalve anoints my eyes,
A heav'nly ſalve which Cherubs uſe, when e'er
They feel eternal day too ſtrong upon 'em bear.
New ſight, by this, I quickly found;
And oh! the wonders now I view, all round,
Scepters, thrones, and diadems
Darting forth their rival beams!
Beauties, Glories dazling bright!
Unnumber'd nameleſs Forms of light!
Chryſtal ſtreets, and walls of gems,
Banks of gold, and pearly ſtreams,
Conſtellations, far and near,
Of Beings all divinely fair!
Engines of bliſs, and tasks of joy,
Contriv'd the Happy to employ!
Scenes of pleaſure, Dignities,
Infinite varieties
Of Glories and Beatitudes,
O'erflowing joys, and Plenitudes
Of raptures, and ſweet extaſies,
Now all at once entrance my heart, and glut my
raviſh'd eyes!

Whilſt rang'd all round, in orders bright and high,
The radiant Choir'ſters with immortal lays
(Inimitable harmony!)
Still to a pitch, their great Creator praiſe.
Oh! happy ſtate! oh rapturous bliſs!
Where am I now? what ſweet confuſion this!
Hold, hold, triumphant Throng,
Stop, ſtop your killing ſong;
I faint, I dy
For extaſy,
This heav'n's too ſweet for me! the tranſport is
too ſtrong!
Whilſt, thus I rave, and faint away,
Drunk with extatick joys,
My watchful Guide, without delay
His help again employs;
With an elixir, ſuch as Angels take
When they would Immortality awake
Its utmoſt force to ſhow,
With ſuch, my friendly Guide reſtores
The vigour of my vanquiſh'd pow'rs;
And ſtrengthen'd, thus, anew
Scenes yet more glorious, leads me on to view.

III.

High, on a throne of dazling light,
Th' ETERNAL ſhines, and all around
His pompous glories wave, on the refulgent ground.
Th' adoring Crowds, below with greedy eyes,
Drink in the floods of ſplend'rous rays,
Which, from his unvail'd Eſſence, iſſue down,
Floods which would ſwallow up, and drown
Their feeble, diſproportion'd ſight,
With too impetuous tides of light;
But that the glorious ſtreaming rays,
Dart healing vigour, with their blaze,
Which pow'rfully ſupports their eyes,
To look, with endleſs, freſh ſurpriſe,
On the Abyſs of Glory, whence they take their riſe.
They look, and love, and ſtill, with wonder, ſee
New emerging myſteries,
Raviſhing diſcoveries,
Of Wiſdom, Goodneſs, Holineſs divine,
Truth, Juſtice, Mercy, with diſtinguiſh'd Shine,
Self All-ſufficiency,

Sole, independent Sov'reignty,
Immutable Felicity,
All fixt on Self-exiſtence' everlaſting Line!
They ſee the Godhead glorioufly diſplay'd!
Th' *Arcana* of his nature open laid:
The ſecret unexhauſted ſtores,
The deep Receſſes, and unfathom'd Pow'rs
Of his immenſe eternal Mind!
They ſee the ſacred ſcenes of myſtery,
Vaſt treaſures of original Divinity,
The endleſs trains of Verities,
Infinite Poſſibilities,
Examples, and ideas fair
Of Things that ne'er created were,
But ly, in their eternal ſeeds confin'd,
Couch'd up within the folds of his all-comprehend-
ing Mind!
They ſee the all-ſufficient Good,
Which their glad hearts dilates and warms!
They ſee, and graſp, and are allow'd
To riot in its bliſsful charms:
They ſee, and love, and raptur'd are,

Enjoy

Enjoy as much, as heart can bear,
Of pleaſures, ever at a height,
Pleaſures of ſuch glorious weight,
That, with exceſs of bliſs, they'd dy,
Did not almighty Energy
Their hearts enlarge, and fortify,
Still to receive, and bear the raging ſweet delight!

IV.

High, at the right hand of his Father, ſtands
The glorious Mediator's throne;
Where he ſits crown'd with honours won,
And all the wide ſubjected world commands.
Oh! how refulgent are his rays!
Oh! how all tongues, with tranſports, praiſe
The glorious God-man, and proclaim
His great, admir'd, unrival'd Name!
Oh how his Saints, with emulous zeal,
Exult, the ſtory of his Love, to tell,
Whilſt Thrones, Dominions, Cherubims fall down,
And proſtrate at his Feet adore,
Whilſt all th' Angelick hoſts ſubmiſſive own
His dignity ſupreme, his high imperial pow'r.

Bleſt

Bleſt ſight! how raptur'd was my heart!
What joys, to me, did it impart,
To ſee all heav'n, with one accord,
Juſt honours pay to my beſt friend, and deareſt
LORD!
Here Prophets, Martyrs, and Apoſtles dwell
With all the bright triumphant train
Of great, and good, and godlike Men,
Whom JESUS, by his Blood, redeem'd from hell
Methought, I knew them all by name,
So dearly lov'd and honour'd them,
That my own ſelf I ſcarce could love ſo well.
Whilſt all the glorious Company,
With equal paſſion, ſeem'd to honour me.
In each of them I ſaw the face
Of their Redeemer, and his grace
In bright ſimilitude diſplay'd:
Each wore a maſſy ſparkling crown;
Each held a palm, and glorious ſhone,
With robes of light, like him, array'd.
Some wait in Preſence, ſome retire
About employments he aſſigns;

But their Employments never tire,
Where'er they go,
Whate'er they do,
Heav'n follows them, and in their boſom reigns.

V.

And, now, my Guide conducts me by the hand,
To view the many manſions of the bleſt;
Lofty and fair the rich apartments ſtand,
All worthy thoſe by whom they are poſſeſt.
Gold, diamonds, pearls, and all the ſhining things,
By men eſteem'd fit ornaments for Kings,
And ev'n thoſe ſparkling globs of light,
The glories of the ſilent night,
But dim as mud, and dark as ſhadows are,
In worth and beauty no proportion bear
To the materials, rich and bright,
Of which, with ſtrange varieties of art,
Diſplay'd in ev'ry finiſh'd part,
Built, and adorn'd are all theſe manſions of delight.
Surveying them, methought, how vain are all
The toils of morta's ! how miſplac'd their care
Who cottages, with mighty labour, rear,

And then, O vanity! their palaces 'em call.
But oh! what heart conceive! what tongue can tell
How bleſt they are who in the Manſions dwell!
How bright their forms! how rapt'rous their de-
lights!
What ſacred friendſhip their glad hearts unites!
What bliſsful entertainments them employ!
What wiſe, endearing converſe they enjoy!
Whilſt fixt in the poſſeſſion of their bliſs,
Which grows with a perpetual ſweet increaſe,
They, ev'ry moment, have the pleaſant view
Of joys for ever rapt'rous, joys for ever new.
'Twas little of their ſtate that I could learn,
Yet this, by ſome ſmall hints, I could diſcern;
Some into nature's myſteries enquire,
Some providence (a maze delightful) trace;
But muſt, with raviſh'd hearts, admire
The matchleſs wonders of redeeming Grace!
Raptur'd, beyond all that I can expreſs,
Methought, I, to my Guide, did ſay,
O let me here the loweſt room poſſeſs,
O let me here for ever ſtay.

But

But he, with ſmiles, replies, Dear friend,
Bear for a while to have your ſuit deny'd;
I have diſcharg'd the task to me aſſign'd,
And now I muſt thee backward guide.
Like death, methought, that cruel word,
With dreadful thrill, went to my heart, and I
Starting, amaz'd, began to cry,
Not ſo, not ſo, my LORD.
When lo! the viſion left me, and I found
My ſelf alone, ſtill, lying ſtretch'd upon the ground.

A Triumph over Temptation.

I Conquer, LORD, and triumph will in thee;
Thou art my Saviour, and my ſong ſhall be.
Soon, as the Foe the enſigns ſaw diſplay'd,
By which he knew thee coming to my aid,
Trembling he took himſelf to ſhameful flight,
And ſunk amaz'd down to the realms of night;
And, now, from his inſulting rage ſet free,
I'll pay, my LORD, my humble thanks to thee.

With vict'ry crown'd, and repoſſeſs'd of peace,
I'll celebrate thy pow'rful aiding Grace.
Almighty Grace! which able is to quell,
And triumph o'er the proudeſt rage of hell.
All conqu'ring Grace! by whoſe exploits renown'd,
So many *heads* are, now, with *glory* crown'd.
By Grace aſſiſted (hear me Prince of Light)
I vow *the battels of the* LORD *to fight*.
Eternal war I'll wage with hell and ſin;
Whilſt Grace aſſiſts, no trophies they ſhall win.
O for that happy morning's dawn, when I
O'er death triumphing, (the laſt enemy)
Shall plant my banner, on the walls of heav'n,
And hold the palm, by my Redeemer giv'n,
With joy I'll march to the imperial throne,
To thank my GOD, for all my vict'ries won:
And as, through crowds of heav'nly folk, I paſs
Saluting me, with loud and kind applauſe,
I'll raiſe my voice, and, all along, declare
Grace, *Grace* has done it! *Grace* has brought me here.

Another Song of Triumph.

PSAL. CXVIII. ver. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, *Paraphras'd.*

I.

THOU haſt thurſt ſore, proud angry Foe,
Thou haſt thurſt ſore, to make me fall:
But my Almighty Saviour, who
My peril ſaw, has ſav'd my All.

II.

In him, my ſtrength, and ſuccour lies;
And he ſhall have my grateful ſong:
To him, who gains my victories,
By right, my triumphs do belong.

III.

Hark! how the whole exalted Choir
Of Saints above his praiſe proclaim!
Hark! how with emulous deſire,
The Saints below, attempt the theme.

IV.

" The LORD's Right-hand doth valiantly!
" He ever triumphs in his pow'r!
" His Right-hand doth, ſo valiantly,
" We bluſh to ſpeak, and muſt adore!

V.

O *life*, I never valu'd thee,
So much as now, it is my joy,
To have an *immortality*,
Which I, in praiſes, may imploy.

VI.

Ye gates of GOD's imperial ſeat,
Heav'n's gates, fly open, when I call:
The thought tranſports me! oh how ſweet
The day when enter in I ſhall!

VII.

Straight forward I will puſh my way,
Till, in the midſt of the bright throng,
With a glad heart, like theirs, I'll ſay
The LORD, my Saviour, is my ſong.

The

The Chriſtian Armour.

EPH. VI. 13, ——— 18. *Paraphraſed.*

TO arms, to arms, for ah! no reſpite's giv'n
By reſtleſs hell, to him who fights for heav'n.
The artful Foe will his advantage take,
And preſs you moſt, where moſt ſecure and weak.
To arms, (your Leader calls to arm throughout)
Guard ev'ry ſide, and fence from head to foot.
Your all's at ſtake, and the relentleſs Foe
To win the prize, will follow blow with blow.
If you reſiſt, at laſt he'll quit the field,
But ah he's *cruel, cruel* if you yield.
Stand on your guard, and boldly him oppoſe:
For heav'n you fight: a *heav'n* you win or loſe.
Firſt arm your mind, and let it brightly ſhine
With the perſwaſion of all truths divine.
If looſe your principles, about you, fly,
To ſtrip you of them quite, the Foe will try:

But

But, if with fondneſs, error you eſpouſe,
He holds you faſt already in his nooſe:
By error, he has many trophies won:
Who ſtands unfixt, is eaſily o'erthrown.
Next, to ſecure and fortify your breaſt,
Let innocence enſhirn'd within it reſt.
This, as a guardian Angel, will defend
Your heart, and give you conſtant peace of mind.
For walls of braſs are not ſo ſtrong a fence,
As is a conſcience, arm'd with innocence.
With chearfulneſs, and expedition run
The race of duty, which you have begun.
Nor wander from, nor weary of the way,
Nor run precipitant, nor yet delay;
Unmov'd by toils, and tryals that may riſe,
Your faith to prove, and patience exercife.
But chiefly, when you're challeng'd to the field,
Take hold of Faith's impenetrable ſhield;
A ſhield that dares the Foe, and keeps all parts
Invulnerable from his fiery darts.
Then, from all danger to ſecure your head,
which much expos'd, will much protection need;

Arm

Arm it with Hope, the hope of heav'nly bliſs,
When from the war diſcharg'd, you ſhall poſſeſs
The crown of life for Conquerors prepar'd:
Still, whilſt you fight, contemplate your reward.
Prompt for defence, have you the Spirit's ſword;
There is no weapon like GOD's holy word:
By this in combate, I repuls'd the foe,
And you, by this, ſhall fight and conquer too.
But for the happy iſſues of the war,
Be ſure to join inceſſant fervent pray'r.
Pray'r has a conqu'ring force, no tongue can tell;
Pray'r is the terror of the pow'rs of hell.
In fine, be watchful, and attentive ſtand,
Obſerving what occurs from ev'ry hand:
Dangers may, whence you leaſt ſuſpect, ariſe,
And foes, who ly in ambuſh, oft ſurpriſe,
When open force is with ſucceſs repell'd;
A wiſe precaution, therefore, muſt be held
Of mighty moment, to conduct the war.
When danger's nigh, my ſuccours ſhan't be far.
Be valiant, and the day with honour won
Shall you with everlaſting triumphs crown.

The Life of Faith.

HOw kind's thine office, *Faith*, dear buſy thing?
For me, how reſtleſs, do'ſt thou beat the wing?
Or wafting up to heav'n, my humble pray'rs,
Or fetching comforts thence, to eaſe my cares:
Yea, in a ſort, like thine original,
Fair child of light, to me, thou'rt *all in all.*
When ſin, at once, pollutes me with its ſtains,
And fills my conſcience with afflictive pains:
By *Faith*, I'm to the ſacred fountain led,
Where having waſh'd, I dare lift up my head
Before my judge, and tell him humbly bold,
I'm now an object which he may behold.
Lo! here the kindneſs of indulgent Heav'n,
Two gifts, the beſt that could to men be giv'n,
Chriſt's Blood, a fountain open'd for our ſin,
And Faith to *move the pool, and help us in.*
They who all moral duties told ſo well,
How to remove defects could never tell.

Phi-

Philoſophy the means could never find,
To purge, or pacify the guilty mind.
Faith ſhows where the important ſecret lies,
The Blood of *Sprinkling* ſilenceth the cries
Of guilt, and to the wounded ſoul gives eaſe:
A cure proportion'd to the dire diſeaſe.
To the third heav'n, by Faith, I wing my flight,
Where, midſt a ſcene of infinite delight,
I ſee the throne of GOD ſublimely rais'd!
Oh! how he is ador'd, and lov'd, and prais'd!
I ſee the pomp, and grandure of his ſtate!
I ſee the glorious hoſts that on him wait!
I ſee the *Lamb of God*, exalted high,
Midſt his redeem'd triumphant company!
I ſee their ſparkling glories, hear their ſongs,
Millions of raptur'd hearts, and joyful tongues!
And long for that fair morning's dawn, when I
Shall ſhare their bliſs, and join their harmony.
When the infernal foe, with dire alarms,
Affrights my ſoul, or when the world with charms,
Of influence yet more dangerous, does aſſail,
And ov'r my yielding heart would ſoon prevail,

Faith

Faith interpoſing ſtands in my defence,
Maintains my peace, and guards my innocence.
When wanton images begin to play,
And phantoms, dreſs'd in airy vain array,
Dance in my fancy, revel in my mind,
(Where filthy prints they're ſure to leave behind)
Faith, angry ſuch unhallow'd ſport to ſee,
Looks ſtern, and, ſtrait, the airy viſions flee:
Faith warms my heart, my drooping ſoul inſpires,
Enflames my love, and quickens my deſires,
Gives life and vigour to purſue the prize,
Set, with inviting charms, before my eyes.
Faith animates my daily courſe: the ſpring
Of humble holy walking: on the wing
Of Faith, my purify'd devotions riſe,
And bear my raptur'd ſoul above the skies.
To do and ſuffer, Faith enables me,
My mind, from fears, and cares preſerving free:
Sure of acceptance, and deſir'd ſucceſs,
My ſoul in faith, and patience I poſſeſs.
Faith draws the vail aſide, and ſhews the hand
Which, by a wiſe, omnipotent command,

Conduc

Conducts the long, revolving, courſe of things,
And, timely, in a beauteous order, brings
Each new event to ſhew itſelf, and then,
The wheel turn'd round, preſents another ſcene.
Faith hears him ſpeak, by word, and providence,
Owns the authority, and clears the ſenſe
Of what he ſays, or does; and forms my heart
Submiſſively to bear, or act my part.
Faith is the guide and guardian of my way,
Faith, round me, ſheds the beams of gladſome day:
Faith, to ſupport me, from celeſtial ſprings,
Draughts of pure living water daily brings;
Preſenting bread, to make my meals compleat,
The bread of life, ſuch bread as angels eat.
So, by the pillar of the fire and cloud,
With the aſſiſtance of the man of GOD,
Was wand'ring *Iſra'l*, through the deſert, led,
And, all along, with plenteous manna fed.
Lead on my guide, I'll follow thee apace,
Lead on thou friendly, all-performing Grace;
Till, all the perils of my journey paſt,
All the hard labours well ſuſtain'd, at laſt,

I joyful quit the pilgrim ſtaff, poſſeſt,
By thy kind offices, of promis'd reſt.

The Excellency of Divine Love.

WHEN love from heav'n tranſlates her ſeat, and daigns
To dwell on earth, ſhe queen of graces reigns.
Thrice bleſt the humble ſoul, where ſhe diſplays
The matchleſs luſtre of her ſacred rays:
Plac'd on her throne (her throne's a flaming heart,
With joys diffus'd ſhe gladdens ev'ry part:
The chearful pow'rs all ſubject to her ſway,
Court her commands, ambitious to obey.
Tranſcendent beauty! firſt-born child of light!
In heav'n there ſhines not any charm ſo bright;
And ſuch, on earth, as thy fair image bear
Far brighter crowns, than purpl'd monarchs, wear.
For GOD is love; and 'tis the loving heart
Reſembles him, in the divineſt part;

There

There he reſides, there ſeated on his throne,
He ſheds his amiable glories down.
Were heav'n above no more, here ſtill would be
A heav'n on earth; heav'n in epitome;
Where the ETERNAL dwelling, ſhould receive
Oblations, ſuch as holy angels give.
Where pure affections, and enflam'd deſires,
The glowing ardors of ſeraphick fires,
With never-ceaſing praiſes, ſhould ſupply
The vacant task of the diſpeopl'd sky.
O glorious virtue, let him ſpeak thy praiſe,
Whoſe raptur'd breaſt felt thy divineſt blaze.
* Did heav'n's indulgent goodneſs grant to me,
To chooſe the gift for which I'd noted be:
" Whether the heights of eloquence to reach,
" Maſter of ev'ry graceful turn of ſpeech;
" With force of words triumphant, to declaim;
" And like an angel, talk on ev'ry theme.
" Whether, by penetrating wit, to trace
" The Myſteries of nature, and of grace;

 " De-

* *The following Lines are a Paraphraſe on* 1 *Cor.* xiii. *ver.* 1, 2, 3, *and* 13.

" Detecting the original of things:
" Their naked eſſences, and hidden ſprings:
" By meaſure, counting out wide nature's ſtores,
" And weighing, in a ballance, all her pow'rs.
" Whether by light prophetick, to reveal
" The ſecret facts which ages paſt conceal,
" Or to predict what grand events yet ly
" Hid in the womb of dark futurity.
" Whether, by faith, to do amazing feats;
" To toſs the mountains off their ancient ſeats,
" And by a nod, to make them fix or fly,
" Fill up the ocean or invade the sky.
" Whether, to be, for my great bounty fam'd,
" And in the liſt of glorious martyrs nam'd;
" My goods all giv'n to ſuccour the forlorn,
" Whilſt dire incircling flames my body burn.
" Still fruitleſs were all my unrival'd parts,
" Vain my donations, vain my wond'rous arts,
" And ev'n my martyrdom itſelf would be
" Vain, vain, O Love! mere nothing without thee.
" Tho' noiſy fame, with loud and rattling ſound,
" Might hurl my Name, the wond'ring world, around.

" Yet

" Yet, love unmention'd, all her tale would raiſe
" But tinſel honour, and a tink'ling praiſe.
" Love is the ſum of all that's good and great:
" On love all the fair ſiſter-graces wait:
" Ev'n faith and hope, tho' ſecond in renown,
" To love pay homage, and her empire own.
" When faith and hope mortality confeſs,
" And die, juſt graſping everlaſting bliſs,
" Love deathleſs mounts, and opens wide her breaſt,
" To be of an immortal heav'n poſſeſt.

The Pleaſure of Divine Love.

'TIs ſweet, in raptures of ſeraphick love,
To ly diſſolv'd, and taſte the joys above.
With an enlarg'd rejoicing ſoul to know
How much of heav'n can be enjoy'd below.
Miſtaken men, who know no joys above,
The momentany guſts of ſenſual love,
By laviſh praiſes, fondly would perſuade
There are no higher pleaſures to be had.

Ah! what a pity 'tis, ſuch noble ſtrains
Of wit, and verſe, refin'd with ſo much pains,
Should proſtituted be to fan the fire,
And paint the harlot-face of lewd deſire.
Oh *Dryden* ſure I'd never thee forgive,
Should I thy lateſt memory ſurvive,
Who laviſh of ſuch ſtores of native ſenſe,
Thy charming numbers, wit and eloquence,
Trifles ſo worthleſs, and profane could'ſt chooſe
To be the themes, and ſcandals of your muſe.
Had you but try'd religion to adorn,
Religion which you've treated with ſuch ſcorn;
By praiſing this, had you ſought to be prais'd,
The monuments by your great genius rais'd,
Immortal honour to your name had won,
And ſpread your virtue's with your wit's renown:
Whilſt now you're blacken'd by your own fair pen,
The beſt of poets, but the worſt of men.
Bleſt be an *Herbert*, *Norris*, *Watts* divine,
A *Blackmore* too, whoſe names diſtinguiſh'd ſhine,
For ſacred, virtuous, ever-honour'd verſe,
Which ſaints may read, and virgin-ſouls rehearſe.

Ah

Ah! that a *Waller's* pen that wrote ſo well,
Only, on themes divine, ſhould not excel.
He tells the cauſe: but who excuſe it can?
His muſe had ſpent her ſtrength, e'er ſhe began
To try celeſtial flights: yet chaſtity
Adorns his verſe, as much as harmony.
For ever laſts the lofty *Milton's* praiſe;
And *Cowley's* too, for unpolluted lays.
Great *Addiſon*, while light, to read him, ſhines,
Shall be admir'd for chaſt majeſtick lines.
Prior is virtuous, and polite, nor ſhall
The garland from his honour'd temples fall.
Pope is the muſe's darling, and their pride,
No charm of numbers him they have deny'd.
Oh! had he more like the * *Meſſias* wrote,
‖ *Iliad* had but the next applauſes got.
Let *Young's* † *Laſt Day* his muſe for ever crown,
For homage to religion's merit ſhown.
So ſtrong, ſo ſparkling, his exalted lays!
I read with pleaſure, and with pleaſure praiſe.

But

* *A Poem written by Mr.* Pope, *called the* Meſſias.
‖ *Mr.* Pope's *Tranſlation of* Homer's Iliad.
† *A Poem written by Mr.* Young, *called the* Laſt Day.

But curſt be he, who the *Circaſſian* wrote,
Periſh his fame, contempt be all his lot,
Who boldly durſt, with execrable pains,
Turn holy myſt'ries into impious ſcenes.
Oh! did the ſeeds of the celeſtial fire,
To reach the true ſublime, my ſoul inſpire,
My brighteſt pow'rs I'd ſummon to reveal
The joys, O Love divine, in thee, I feel.
Tho' mortal language never can expreſs
What dear, tranſporting pleaſures I poſſeſs,
Whilſt melting, in thy pureſt flames, I ly,
And vy with angels for felicity.

The Tranſport.

I.

O Charming object of deſires!
The *greateſt* and the *beſt*!
Tow'rds thee, O GOD, my ſoul aſpires,
The center of her reſt.

O ami-

II.

O amiable GOD of love!
In thee what beauties ſhine!
My thoughts, in ſweet confuſion, rove,
My views are all divine.

III.

Seraph and Cherub, at they feet,
In bleſt amazement ly!
Whilſt ſtraight thy glories on them beat,
They melt in extaſy!

IV.

At humbler diſtance plac'd, I ſee
The ſplendors of thy throne.
But ah! the ſcene's too bright for me,
LORD, let me hence be gone.

V.

Surpriſe upon ſurpriſe alarms
My raptured ſoul, whilſt ſhe
Beholds the glances of thy charms,
The light'nings ſhoot from thee.

VI.

Around me, dazling glory reigns,
Fierce joys o'erflow my heart!
Immortal life beats in my veins:
My pow'rs convulsive start!

VII.

O GOD my GOD! too strong's the charge
Of such delight as this!
My heart, O strengthen, and enlarge,
Or, I am kill'd with bliss.

Real Intercourse.

WEAK are all reasons, all objections vain,
That can be urg'd against experience plain.
Persuade me, that I no existence have
As soon you may, as make me disbelieve
The truth of that, so oft, repeated bliss
I in communion with my GOD, possess.

Yea

You know it not, is that a reaſon why
You muſt what others know ſo well deny?
Shall he who never ſaw the light, contend
That all mankind, as well as he, are blind?
The paths of ſin, you ſay, with joys abound,
And muſt there none in virtue's road be found?
Shall he who ſerves his GOD with zealous care,
Worſe than the impious bold tranſgreſſor fare?
Can ſo abſurd a thought, by any mind,
Say ſceptick, ev'n thine own, be entertain'd?
The reſtleſs tempter, vers'd in laying ſnares,
To catch his prey nor art, nor labour ſpares.
And ſhall not the great principle of love,
To ſuccour holy minds as active prove?
Whence elſe theſe torrents of divine delight,
Theſe rapt'rous joys, rais'd to extatick height,
Which ſaints have, oft, in ſpight of pain, expreſt,
And martyrs, in the raging flames, confeſt?
And why mayn't the ſame ſource of bliſs impart,
Some of its ſmaller ſtreams, to glad the heart
That, humbly, ſtrives in virtue to improve,
And burns a martyr, in the flames of love?

But

But let the ſceptick world ſtill cavil on,
Whilſt better things, my ſoul, by thee are known,
With ardent votes, thine own dear bliſs purſue,
And after one enjoyment urge a new.
Till, thou, from drinking of the ſtreams, art laid
To drink luxurious, at the fountain-head:
And full of bliſs divine, ſtor'd with the load
Of glory iſſuing from th' all-glorious GOD,
Shall ever wond'ring, ever praiſing ly,
And hug the rapt'rous joys of immortality!

Holy Dread.

CAN I, in truth believe, a GOD to be
Without adoring his dread majeſty?
Reigns he exalted with almighty ſway,
And ſhall I fearleſs be to diſobey?
Tho' ſenſe of danger did me not controul,
A more ingenuous force would move my ſoul;
And make me tremble to be baſe, tho' I
Might be audacious, with impunity.

A Pi-

A parent's frown I never could ſuſtain;
A friend's diſpleaſure ever gives me pain;
Tow'rds GOD, then, ſhall I more effronted prove,
Outbrave his terrors, ſlight his deareſt love,
And, by a ſenſeleſs, daring licence, ſhow
I neither gratitude, nor rev'rence know?
No, no, my GOD, the mighty dread of thee
Maintain'd and cheriſh'd in my breaſt ſhall be:
Collected round my heart, I'll keep it there
An antidote againſt all other fear.
Such ſhining prints of excellence diſplay'd
Are ſeen in all the works which thou haſt made,
That look I upward, downward, or around,
I can't but thee regard with dread profound!
But when, thy great perfections to deſcry,
I dart my thought beyond the vaulted ſky;
When midſt celeſtial hoſts my ſelf I place,
To view the radiant glories of thy face,
Ah! how I faint, and ſink beneath the weight
Of daunting Majeſty, and dazling light!
And yet my moſt affecting dread of thee
Still is, my GOD, from perturbation free.

It bends my ſpirit with a pleaſant load!
Ev'n heav'n would not be heav'n without the dread
of GOD.

On the ſame Subject.

I.

HOw great! how marvellous, Almighty GOD,
Are all the Works of thy ſtupend'ous pow'r?
Who, in ſurvey of them, can look abroad,
And ceaſe th' all-glorious Author to adore?

II.

Who would not ſtoop and homage pay to thee,
O King of Saints! to whom belongs all fear?
When angels bow, ſhall men preſumptuous, be
More boldly daring than ev'n devils are?

III.

Dread ſov'reign of the univerſe, if thou
Look'ſt angry down, all frighted nature ſhakes!
And ſhall a heart, like mine, refuſe to bow
Before the arm that rocks, like ruſhes breaks?

IV. O

IV.

O GOD tremend'ous! humbly lo! I ly,
And dread thee, from the bottom of my ſoul.
The terrors of thy awful majeſty
Down to the center of my being roll.

V.

O GOD, my GOD, ſtill may I thee adore,
And feel my heart bend with the awful weight
Of dread, tremend'ous as the thunder's rore,
But ſoft, and harmleſs as the morning light.

Deſire.

NOT all within the world's extended frame,
Can fill my ſoul's embrace, or quench her flame.
Bid hungry men on painted dainties feaſt;
With golden dreams the miſer fill his cheſt,
As well as tell my ſoul, ſhe may obtain
Content in things, which are themſelves ſo vain.

Great GOD ! to thee my tow'ring wiſhes riſe,
My hopes ambitious mount above the skies ;
Thy ſelf, a good immenſe, my ſoul purſues,
Nor can ſhe reſt content with meaner views.
But ah ! the diſadvantage of my ſtate ;
How long ſhall I a poor expectant wait,
Excluded from theſe wealthy ſtores of bliſs
I longing ſee, but can't alas ! poſſeſs ?
So looks the weary priſ'ner through the grate
(And much bewails his miſerable fate,)
On ſpacious fields, at diſtance, beautify'd,
With ſweets of liberty, to him deny'd.
O happy day, when from her chains ſet free
My joyful ſoul begins her jubile !
When panting, and impatient of delay,
Tow'rds GOD, her chiefeſt good, ſhe wings her way ;
Till in his boſom, with reclining head,
At life's pure overflowing fountain laid,
She takes in ſtreams of bliſs, at ev'ry draught,
Large as her wiſh, and boundleſs as her thought.
How happy, then, ſhall be my raviſh'd heart !
How throng'd with joys each glad exulting part !

Whilſt,

Whilſt, ſtill, as ſhe drinks in the flowing ſtore,
My ſoul grows wider to drink more and more.

Imitation.

HOw charming fair the god-like ſoul does ſhine,
In the array of graces all divine!
Such are the natives of celeſtial light,
Such *Adam* was, whilſt he, new-ſtamp'd and bright,
The glorious image of his maker, bore.
And all the creatures did his form adore.
On wood or canvaſs, with the help of paint,
The bleſt Divinity to repreſent,
Is the attempt of vain and impious art;
His image only ſhines upon the heart.
Upon my heart, my GOD, with humble care,
I'll try to copy thy perfections fair,
The beauteous form I'll heighten ev'ry day,
Each grace improving, bright'ning ev'ry ray,

Till I have quite ſhook off mortality,
Transform'd throughout, and all divine like thee.
How fair's the pattern! how familiar too,
Set, by my dear Redeemer, in my view!
Where all the graces of the life divine,
In charming ſplendor, without dazling ſhine.
Great miracles he wrought, but more than theſe,
His glorious virtues admiration raiſe.
Virtues, which ſhew how GOD, beneath the vail,
Of humane form, can in perfection dwell.
Virtues, which copy'd out upon the mind,
The pow'r of working wonders far tranſcend.
O GOD, my Saviour, help me by thy grace,
Theſe matchleſs virtues of thy life to trace:
Till I have reach'd perfection's glorious height,
Led by thy fair example's ſhining light.

Purity.

THE heart that purg'd from low and vile de-
ſires,
Glows with the ardor of ſeraphick fires;
The pious ſoul that, with aſpiring views,
Sublimer heights of virtue ſtill purſues;
Shall, timely, reach the lofty bleſt abode:
And be admitted to the ſight of GOD.
O charming purity! illuſtrious grace!
What god-like beauty ſparkles in thy face!
In radiant orbs, crown'd with thy rays divine,
Finiſh'd in glory, ſaints and angels ſhine.
Yea GOD all-glorious, in himſelf, can ſee
No fairer charm than his own purity;
No brighter jewel ſparkles in his crown!
No pow'r diviner props his royal throne;
His purity darts the divineſt blaze,
And luſtre adds to all his other rays.

O that

O that my ſoul, purg'd from the baſe alloy
Of ev'ry vile deſire, and tainted joy,
Had reach'd theſe heights of purity divine,
Which in my eyes with charms attractive, ſhine!
Then meet for heav'n, and the dear company
Of ſpotleſs angels, meet for ſeeing thee,
Father of lights, I'll joyful mount on high,
And leave a world, below, drench'd in impurity.

In Alluſion to Iſaiah vi. *ver.* 1, *to* 7.

I.

LOOK up, my ſoul, to yon empyreal heav'n;
Through interpoſing clouds lift up thine eye;
The eye of faith, to ſerve thee, kindly giv'n
Where ſenſe grows blind, and nothing can deſcry.

II.

See! how exalted on a lofty throne
Th' ALMIGHTY ſhines in glorious awful ſtate!
Oh! ſee the rays that ſparkle from his crown,
Dazling the eyes of hoſts that on him wait!

III. See,

III.

See, see! what dread their humble poſture ſpeaks,
Whilſt proſtrate and abaſh'd they wond'ring ly!
See! how the ſympathiſing temple ſhakes,
Whilſt holy, holy, holy LORD they cry.

IV.

Ah! vile, polluted ſoul of mine, can'ſt thou
Hope e'er to come, where ſuch pure glories dwell?
Can'ſt thou the face of great JEHOVAH view?
Thy tongue his name ineffable reveal!

V.

O ſome kind ſeraph of the heav'nly throng,
Fly, with the unction of celeſtial fire,
And my polluted heart, and eyes, and tongue,
For work ſo ſacred, hallow and inſpire.

Zeal.

HE's a true hero who, with holy rage,
Dares to engage the vices of the age:
Who fenc'd about, with his own flaming zeal,
Proclaims, and wages daily war with hell.
Who, dear religion's int'reſt to maintain,
Boldly encounters peril, toil, and pain;
And thinks the greateſt hazards ſmall, to ſhow
How much he dares for GOD, and goodneſs do.
But men alas! in theſe revolting times,
As deſtitute of zeal, as full of crimes,
To act for GOD, find neither heart nor hand,
Zeal's fled, and reformation's at a ſtand.
Some furious breaſts, their paſſion's wild-fire ſpue
Veſuvius-like, and think great zeal they ſhew,
When they devouring ſtorms and thunders raiſe,
And ſet the world about them in a blaze.
Unhappy men! by dire pretexts of zeal,
To miniſter to the deſigns of hell;

And

And hand about, of plagues a brimful cup;
Our zeal ſhould eat our ſelves, not others up.
Tho' leſs their miſchief, equal's their miſtake,
Who peeviſhneſs for zeal's refinement take;
Break ſquares with all mankind, becauſe they won't
Agree with them, in each minuteſt point.
Such minds too narrow are for zeal's embrace,
Where charity obtains ſo little place.
Good LORD! inform my mind, my heart inſpire
With zeal, made up of equal light and fire:
And when the int'reſts of thy glory call,
May I rejoyce to venture life and all.

Humility.

THE humble man can, like the oſier, bend
And ſcorn the blaſts which haughty ſpirits rend;
By yielding, conquer; by ſubmiſſion, riſe;
Forgive, and triumph o'er his enemies.

Meekly

Meekly, he can ſuſtain unkind neglect,
Affronts repay, with unconſtrain'd reſpect;
And when worſt treated, with a pow'rful ſway
Controul his paſſions, and their rage allay.
So lived the ſon of GOD, ſuch was the road
Of ſelf-denial he divinely trode.
And ſuch muſt all that follow JESUS be,
From arrogance ev'n ſcrupulouſly free.
Behold, dear Saviour! witneſs what I ſay,
My ſoul ſubmiſſive at thy feet I lay,
Ambitious, LORD, thy humble life to trace,
Humility thy moſt diſtinguiſh'd grace,
The Image of thy ſoul, and picture of thy face.

The Humility and Meekneſs of Chriſt.

BEHOLD! how humbly the meek JESUS walks!
Behold! how freely with poor men he talks!
No ſupercilious airs, to bend his brow!
No haughty looks that ſay, ---- *Your diſtance know*

The publicans, and ſinners round him croud,
Welcome to be by his advice made good.
To him the ſick, blind, deaf, and dumb repair,
His rich compaſſions, and his cures to ſhare.
No fee expenſive, or unkind delay
Rebates their hopes, or ſends them ſad away;
But, ſoon as ſought, the favour is beſtow'd;
And, freely, he gives all, who nothing ow'd.
Obſerve the places of his chief reſort,
The humble cottages, and not the court.
No roof ſo mean, but he his head can bow
To enter, his kind bleſſing to beſtow:
No food ſo coarſe, but he his ſhare can take,
Pleas'd, of a morſel, oft, a meal to make:
No company ſo vile, but he can join,
To entertain them with diſcourſe divine;
Sure, whereſoe'er he enters as a gueſt,
To pay an earthly, with a heav'nly feaſt.
No garb he wore, with broad philacteries,
To ſpeak him very holy and preciſe:
But with his pure, unfeign'd ſimplicity,
A homely, ſeamleſs coat does more agree.

No equipage he had, nor badge of ſtate,
To ſpeak him of the number of the *great*;
But with a lowly port, and humble train
Of twelve mean-born, and undiſtinguiſh'd men,
On foot, he traverſeth the land, and ſhows
Vain earthly pomp revers'd, where'er he goes.
Weary, and hungry, deſtitute of food,
But what conſiſted in his *doing good*,
From charitable friends he waits relief,
To ſorrows train'd, acquainted well with grief.
In uſeful labours, having ſpent the day,
Unleſs, at night, he went apart to pray,
Where he was lodg'd, where ſhelter'd from the cold
Of night's injurious damps, we are not told;
For houſe, his own, he had not, nor a bed
Where he, at night, might lean his weary head.
Injurious wretches whet their impious tongues,
And add reproaches to his other wrongs.
Ah! daring impudence! hark! he's blaſphem'd,
A glutton, drunkard, and a devil nam'd!
Yet calm, and unprovok'd, he ſtill replies,
And only the malicious charge denies.

Oft as he ſpoke, what balm his lips diffus'd!
But ſatyr, and invective never us'd.
But when the hypocrite his zeal arraigns,
And woes pronounceth on iniquous gains,
How ſolemn! how tremendous! then, his ſpeech,
T' alarm the conſcience of the guilty wretch!
What wond'rous things he did, no tongue can tell,
Yet oſtentation never could prevail,
To make him work one miracle, to raiſe
Fame to himſelf, or curious eyes to pleaſe.
But ſee the ſelf-abaſement of his ſoul!
Girding himſelf round, with the ſervile tow'l,
Whilſt pour'd out water, in the baſon, flows,
To waſh his own diſciples feet he bows!
And to compleat the humble action, daigns
To wipe them, with the ſame obliging pains.
Oh! humble JESUS, may my ſoul, by thee,
Thus waſh'd, and wip'd from ſin's pollutions be.
And may I, taught by thy example, ſhow
No act of chriſtian friendſhip is ſo low,
But what to practiſe I can chearful bow.

But ſee him, now, engag'd in the laſt ſcenes,
Which, to a pitch, ſcrew up his woes and pains!
Is there a word or look (let malice boaſt)
To ſpeak his mind diſturb'd, or temper loſt?
Led, like the harmleſs lamb, to ſlaughter doom'd,
Or, as the ſheep, before her ſhearer, dumb;
So, tamely, he ſubmits to cruel death,
And ſpeaks his meekneſs out with his laſt breath.

The Admiration.

I.

BEHOLD! with wonder, heav'n and earth!
The ſon of GOD becomes a man!
Surprizing tale! amazing birth!
Can he ſtoop lower? yes he can.

II.

Behold! him fix'd on a curs'd tree,
Where thouſand, thouſand deaths him kill!
Say, is not this humility?
Stupend'ous! Ask once more I will.

III. For

III.

For whom ſtoop'd he ſo low? For man,
To ſave him from an endleſs hell:
Such prodigies ye angels ſcan,
To me they're inconceivable!

IV.

But ſay, my heart, what wilt thou give
To him, who ſtoop'd ſo low for thee?
I'll give my all, and, while I live,
I'll copy his humility.

Patience.

HE who with patience bears each heavy load,
Impos'd, by the all-wiſe, almighty GOD;
Who cloſe beſieg'd with dire invading pains,
His temper, and decorum ſtill retains,
May, juſtly, claim a place for his great name
'Mongſt the firſt hero's in the liſt of fame.
Such true unſhaken fortitude of ſoul,
Which no incumbent preſſures can controul,

Exalts him higher, than the loud renown
Of kingdoms conquer'd, or of battles won.
Hear how the man, for patience juſtly fam'd,
By heav'n applauded for a life unblam'd;
Hear how the diſmal tidings he receives,
(Whilſt thick they come, like waves purſu'd by waves;)
Till, in concluſion, *all is loſt*, he hears!
Obſerve, how bravely he the ruin bears!
Low, on the ground, his humbl'd head he lays,
And then, adoring, to his Maker ſays,
"Naked I came out of my mother's womb,
"Naked ſhall go to my eternal home;
"Almighty GOD enrich'd me with his loan,
"And, at his term, he has recall'd his own,
"Bleſt be the name of GOD, who both hath done.
Heroick patience, ſuch as ſhall proclaim,
Through ages all, good *Job*, thy honour'd name.
But patience, without *grace*, is meer pretence;
A ſtubborn nature, or a ſtupid ſenſe:
And thoſe fam'd wiſe, who did all pain deride,
In lieu of real patience, ſwell'd with pride.

True

True patience, only, lodges in the ſoul,
Where grace divine, the paſſions, does controul;
Where love to GOD, ſubmiſſion to his will,
A ſecret joy his pleaſure to fulfil,
Soothing the heart, and ſoft'ning the diſeaſe,
Supports the mind in pain, with hope of eaſe.
Hope is the ſoul of patience: hope inſpires
The chriſtian ſuff'rer: hope, amidſt the fires,
Sits ſmiling on the pious martyr's brow,
And makes him ſcorn the worſt that death can do.
Such was the hope inſpir'd th' apoſtle's breaſt,
And made him ſhew to martyrdom ſuch haſte,
When, to his anxious friends, unmov'd, he ſays
"What mean you, by your tears, and urg'd delays,
"To give me greater pain, than I can feel,
"In dying for my LORD, I love ſo well?
O GOD of hope and patience make me know,
When trials come, what 'tis to ſuffer ſo:
May hope in thee, and proſpect of relief,
Preſerve me patient, under all my grief:
May CHRIST's example, ever in my eye,
Direct me, patient, both to live and dye.

Hope.

I.

HOPE is the breaſt, by which ſuſtain'd
I was, in my firſt tender years,
Hope is the ſtaff, on which, I lean'd,
When, firſt, I trode the path of cares.

II.

A daring infant, then a man,
By hope made bold, with open eyes,
I ventur'd, and life's gantlop ran,
And yet am ſav'd to my ſurpriſe.

III.

Hope is to me a ſun and ſhield,
Light and protection to me brings:
When troops of danger fill the field,
Hope, to ſurmount them, gives me wings.

IV.

Hope is the chariot of my ſoul,
In which, with lofty port, ſhe rides,
Up-hill her wheels as ſwiftly roll,
As down the torrent's rapid tides.

V.

Yea, hope can mount above the skies,
And travel o'er the fields of bliſs,
And, as ſhe caſts all round her eyes,
Say, Soul admire! thy kingdom this!

VI.

My daily food hope ſtill has been,
Each morning's manna freſh and good:
On hope I live: they little ken
Who ſay that hope is airy food.

VII.

But hope I mean, in GOD alone,
For he the weight of hope can bear;
When other props we truſt, they're gone,
And we ſink, with them, in deſpair.

VIII. Hope

VIII.

Hope fix'd on JESUS, and his grace,
JESUS my never failing friend,
Who holds the chain of promiſes,
And bids my hope on them depend.

IX.

O GOD, my GOD, the hope, and guide,
Both of my youth and riper years,
In thee I have, and will confide,
Till hope me to fruition bears.

Contentment.

WELL, peviſh heart, come, now, I give thee vent,
Speak out, for once, the ground of thy complaint,
Tell freely what's thy grudge, and only bear
An anſwer, calmly, in thy turn, to hear.
Thou'rt vex'd, thou ſay'ſt, with croſs events, and griev'd,
With fruitleſs labours, and with hopes deceiv'd:

The

The ſtubborn courſe of things gainſays thy will;
Thy fate is to be contradicted ſtill:
Whilſt, others, who find providence more kind,
Live always gay, and ſail before the wind.
This is the ſum of what thy diſcontent,
Has to object: a very vain complaint.
For pray, my heart, tell who's the man that knows,
Or ever knew a life exeem'd from woes:
Down from the prince, with royal purple grac'd,
To the poor begger, on the dunghill plac'd,
Ask, if there can be found a man to ſay
His joys of life, admit of no allay.
But thou art brought, thou think'ſt, to ſuch a paſs,
That ſcarce the like, or is, or ever was.
O vaſt miſtake! look round the world, and ſee
How many thouſands of mankind there be,
Who gladly would change lots with thee, and bate
One half the bleſſings of thy better ſtate.
How many groan, whilſt tugging at the oar?
Whilſt digging in the mine, how many more?
What numbers waſting on a ſick-bed ly?
Or helpleſs mourn their wretched poverty?

How

How many bear the torture of the ſtone,
Or loſs of limbs, or dearer friends bemoan?
Make the ſurvey, my heart, and dare complain,
If ought ingen'ous does in thee remain.
Say, haſt thou ever wanted what might be
Enough, thy juſt deſires to ſatisfy?
Were e're they wants, when preſſing, unſupply'd?
Was e'er they morſel, in its time, deny'd?
And by what tye, pray, tell upon what ſcore
Was providence oblig'd to furniſh more?
Nature is modeſt, and with little pleas'd;
Much the demand is, of a mind diſeas'd,
Whoſe wiſhes, like the dire hydropſy, riſe
More eager, as they're fed with new ſupplies.
And, why ſo fond of things that are ſo vain,
Shadows of pleaſure, a phantaſtick train,
That, ſtill, the more they're valu'd, and purſu'd;
Fly your embraces, and your hopes delude?
Content can ne'er be found in earthly things;
But takes its riſe from much diviner ſprings.
A ſoul that pays a juſt regard to heav'n,
Truſts GOD, and keeps the paſſions ſmooth and ev'n;

That

That things, by their true worth, does wisely rate,
And weighs the *present* with the *future* state;
That state, where he with JESUS shall obtain
The solid bliss which, here, is sought in vain.
Such is the man who true content may claim,
And boast, he knows more of it than the name.
Whilst 'tis in vain, to hope, or to essay,
To reach the high attainment, by another way.

The Apostle Paul's *Contentment,*

In Imitation of Phil. iv. 11, 12, 13.

I.

GREAT is the boast, but free of pride!
Observe, and copy what he says:
What he proclaims, he, oft, had try'd,
And tells it, to his master's praise.

II.

Content's the lesson I have learn'd:
A Master of the happy art:

In

If, inward, were my breaſt diſcern'd,
You'd ſee it, written on my heart.

III.

Content, in ev'ry ſtate, I boaſt,
My GOD do with me, what he will:
When all ſhall ſay, the man is loſt;
Not ſo, I'll ſay: content I'm ſtill.

IV.

Raiſe me on high, or caſt me down,
Or give me nothing, or give all;
No change ſhall, in my mind, be known;
Content can neither riſe, nor fall.

V.

O wond'rous man! whence was you taught
This wond'rous art? one word will ſhow,
CHRIST, matchleſs CHRIST! (for I am nought)
But I, through CHRIST, can all things do.

Reſignation.

AS, to the potter, yields the paſſive clay;
As, to the chanter's voice, th' obſequious lay;
So, when, at firſt, the great Creator ſpoke,
Things into being, life, and form awoke.
O GOD! my Maker, I the pow'r adore
From which I ſprung, who nothing was before.
To thee, with willing mind, I'll ſubject be,
And make free choice, vie with neceſſity.
Reſign'd, my GOD, to thy diſpoſing will,
I'll joy, when I thy purpoſes fulfil:
Happy, if I can ſerve thy leaſt intent,
Pay homage to thy will, by my conſent,
And with a ſoul ſubmiſſive undergo,
Whate'er I'm call'd to ſuffer, or to do.
All murmuring thoughts, (like criminal and vain)
Shall be ſuppreſs'd; ſhall I dare to arraign
Thy ſov'reign conduct? ſhall I tell to thee
What's fit and proper to be done with me?

No, no my GOD, whilſt I a being have,
Thou ſhalt the homage of my faith receive:
To thee ſurrend'ring all my intereſts dear,
Sure of the bleſſed iſſue of thy care,
With mind aſſur'd, I'll reſolutely go
Through all the various riſque of fate below.
What? tho' the voyage of my life ſhould be
A conſtant toſſing on a ſtormy ſea.
What? tho' I ſhould on ſome dire rock be blown,
And ſeem to all ſpectators quite undone:
Yet well I know, that after all, by thee
My ſhipwrack'd int'reſts gather'd up ſhall be
Safe and intire, on that pacifick ſhore,
Where, croſs adventures I ſhall fear no more.

Chriſt's Reſignation.

I.

FLAT on the ground, amaz'd he lies!
Thrice falling, thrice implores relief!
"Father, if poſſible, he cries
"Pity thy ſon, and eaſe my grief!

II. This

II.

"This cup, this dismal cup of woe,
"Which, now I drink, confounds my soul!
"Ah! may'n't this cup yet from me go?
"Must I exhaust the poison'd bowl?

III.

O Father, since it is thy will,
I thy obedient son resign;
Tho' thousand deaths this cup do fill,
I'll drink it off: thy will is mine.

IV.

Hear'st thou, my soul, and shalt thou e'er
Thy trifling griefs again lament?
Shall ever thy Redeemer hear
Thee breathe, in secret, one complaint?

V.

O GOD, my Saviour form my mind
To do, and suffer for thy sake:
Give me a heart, to thee resign'd,
Or may it, LORD, unpity'd break.

Self-valuation.

I.

SINK, sink, to nothing sink vain man;
Blind be thy self-admiring eye.
The whole amount of thy estate,
Is emptiness and vanity.

II.

Resign to GOD, what he has giv'n,
And what, behind, remains thine own?
Nothing. — And can'st thou strut to see
Thy valu'd self a cypher shown?

III.

Take back thy being; what is thine,
Besides thy countless sins, remains?
And can'st thou foolish, pride thy self
In viewing thine own ugly stains?

IV.

Thy boast is reason; think how far
An angel's eye, and divel's too

Can

Can look beyond thy ſight, which can't
One atom to the bottom view.

V.

Nor ſtrength, nor beauty can reſiſt
Th' aſſailing fever's fiery rage:
And, tho' no ſickneſs ſhould invade,
They are the ſpoils of conqu'ring age!

VI.

Look to the womb, where firſt you lodg'd,
Midſt darkneſs and obſcurity;
Look to the grave, where you again
More humbl'd in the duſt ſhall ly.

VII.

A worm-like embrio was thy riſe;
An heap of worms, thine end ſhall be;
For ſhame, man, ſtrip thy ſelf of pride,
And be not vain of vanity.

V.

Doing Good.

O All-divine the pleaſure is that lies
In doing good, the god-like exerciſe
Of generous ſouls, ambitious to poſſeſs
The beſt perfection, and the higheſt bliſs!
Juſtice is creeping, gratitude is low;
Good undeſerv'd, yea good, for ill, to do
Marks out the noble path, the ſphere divine,
In which heroick friendſhip loves to ſhine.
But ah! with tears of blood we may complain;
That few ſuch god-like men are to be ſeen.
Tho' JESUS has the bright example ſet,
In doing good, who does him imitate?
Men all within themſelves contracted now,
Friendſhip, as an impertinence forego:
So rare the acts of generous charity,
A favour 'tis uninjur'd now, to be.
Ah! times the worſt, ſince time a being had!
Ah! ſacred friendſhip, whither art thou fled?

Is hatred made the badge of chriſtian life?
Are the baptiſmal waters thoſe of *ſtrife*?
Oh! for the day, when exil'd love return'd,
Shall glad the earth, which long her abſence mourn'd
What bliſful ſcenes, ſhall in her preſence riſe!
Earth ſhall be turn'd into a paradiſe!
Mankind like angels live; celeſtial peace
Shall ev'ry where diſplay her beauteous face!
The lyon ſhall his wonted prey defend;
The ravages of boars and tigers end;
The harmleſs wolf, ſhall, with the lamb ly down;
The leopard and kid familiar grown,
Shall ſport together, on the peaceful field,
And fierce barbarity to meekneſs yield.
Mankind, the art of war forgot, ſhall ſhow
A nobler conteſt, whilſt each to out-do
Each other ſtrives, in victories of love,
And earth below, vies with the heav'n above.

Christ, the Benefactor.

I.

WHEN heav'n resolv'd with kind intent,
Its richest bounty to express,
JESUS, the almoner was sent
With open hand to give and bless.

II.

As shines the light, as falls the rain,
As mother-earth gives all their food;
So did the loving JESUS daign
To come, the world's great common-good.

III.

Oh how he lov'd! oh how he dealt,
With liberal hand, his blessings round!
In him a God-head's goodness dwelt
And sought more objects than it found.

IV.

With arms expanded, weeping eyes,
A voice accented sweet and loud,

Come,

Come, come to me, come all, he cries,
And share me as your common-good.

V.

O matchleſs lover! glorious friend!
May heav'n, and earth ſtill ſound thy praiſe:
JESUS *th' incomparably kind!*
Accent their everlaſting lays.

Prayer.

HOw ſweet 'tis to the heart oppreſs'd with care
To pour its ſorrows out, in humble prayer!
Before the throne of grace, to vent its moans,
Relief imploring by pathetick groans!
Half eas'd it thinks it ſelf of all its pain,
When it has got the freedom to complain;
And, now, it, quickly, feels no more the load
Transferr'd by ſupplication on its GOD.
O bliſsful pray'r! the humble ſaint's employ,
His daily exerciſe and daily joy;

Which

Which to preſerve, I frankly would reſign
Ten thouſand crowns and ſcepters were they mine.
How oft have I, by humble fervent Prayer,
(Whilſt faith and love her wing'd aſſiſtants were,)
Been born aloft to the ſublime abode,
Which ſhines enlighten'd with the ſmiles of GOD,
Whence, charg'd with joys divine, I have return'd
And ev'ry life, but that of angels, ſcorn'd?
HEARER of PRAY'RS! at whoſe right Hand in ſtate
Enthron'd ſits JESUS my dear Advocate,
To thee let my addreſſes find acceſs,
And ſtill I'll my felicity confeſs.
What tho' the rage of foes ſhould ſend me far,
From all my friends, all my acquaintance dear.
What tho', to ſome wild ſolitude confin'd,
I ſhould be baniſh'd from all humane kind;
Yet quite forlorn my ſtate I'll ne'er account,
Whilſt I, by pray'r, to heav'n, can freely mount.
Of want of friends, or freedom ne'er complain,
Whilſt with my GOD, I converſe can maintain.
But ah! 'tis bondage, baniſhment, and all
The miſchiefs that can any wretch befal,

When guilt lies preſſing with a conſcious load,
And makes me bluſh to lift my face to GOD:
Then, then, I'm baniſh'd to the gates of hell,
And what my torments are, no tongue can tell.
But, if from this one direful ill kept free,
No place can, in the world, be ſtrange to me.
Through the whole univerſe, if forc'd to roam,
Where e'er my GOD is, I can find my home;
Content and happy (keep but ſin away)
I ev'ry where can live, where I can pray.

Faith Begging.

I.

A Begger, LORD, knocks at thy gate,
A begger known to be
As ſhameleſs, as importunate,
In asking her ſupply.

II.

LORD hear the begging voice of faith,
Regard her looks and cries:

For ſhe will beg, while ſhe has breath;
Look up, while ſhe has eyes.

III.

Thou LORD of all art rich, be kind,
Stretch forth thine hand, and ſay,
The poor, in me, ne'er want a friend,
Take this, and go thy way.

IV.

But, LORD, when this I've got, I want
Straight a new alms from thee;
And like the begger, I muſt haunt
The door that's kind to me.

V.

Beg on, my faith, the good LORD hears,
He won't offended be:
Thy cries are muſick, in his ears,
His bowels plead for thee.

Faith Enriching.

I.

MAKE room, my ſoul, freſh bleſſings come
From heav'n's remote, but wealthy ſtores;
The hand of faith, lo! brings them home;
And only to hoard up is yours.

II.

How rich, my ſoul, ſoon muſt thou grow?
How wond'rous rich! if laſts this trade:
If faith her voyages thus go,
Thou'rt, for a world eternal, made!

III.

Up then my faith, no travel ſpare,
To the celeſtial *Indies* haſte:
Again, and yet again, fly there:
The golden ſeaſon won't ay laſt.

IV.

Who asks the price that faith does take,
To buy the merchandiſe of heav'n?
Nothing: but, when, for JESUS' ſake,
She asks, ſhe has all *gratis* giv'n.

A Praiſe.

I.

How rapt'rous! how divinely ſweet the joy
Of heav'nly minds, whom praiſes ſtill employ!
When I, on wings of faith and love,
For a few moments mount above
Earth's gloomy ſurface; and but try
To emulate their harmony;
The world below I quite forget,
A being of another ſtate
My ſelf I ſtrait conceive to be,
Taſting of immortality,
Whilſt my exulting ſoul, my GOD, ſings praiſe to thee!

II.

O could I nature's knot untie,
And leave this clog of fleſh behind!

O could I mount above the sky,
Tow'ring with a joyful mind!
Before the gates of paradise,
Where happy saints and angels praise,
Dissolv'd in heav'nly extasies,
I'd ly, and listen to their lays;
And with them harmonize!

III.

Yea hark! methinks I hear their song,
Melting sweet! transporting strong!
With one compounded soul and vote,
With one harmonious solemn note,
They make the heav'nly dome resound!
And eccho halleluja, halleluja round!

IV.

Oh! happy long'd-for day, when I
Shall join their blissful harmony!
And mingle my glad notes of praise,
With their triumphant louder lays!
Tho' meanest in the choir I be,
Yet none, shall me in zeal outvy:

With ev'ry note, with ev'ry lay,
I'll breathe my raptur'd ſoul away:
And whilſt eternal ages run, perſiſt
Unweary'd in the task, by which I'm bleſt.

Pſal. 139. *paraphras'd from* 1. *to* 19.

I.

OMNISCIENT mind, whoſe ever-waking eye
Does all thy fair *creation* ſtill ſurvey:
Tho' I'm but like an atom there,
Unworthy of thy thought or care,
Yet, to regard me thou do'ſt bow,
Where e'er I am, where e'er I go,
Whate'er I think, whate'er I doe,
Whether I ſleep, whether I wake,
Whether I ſilence keep, or ſpeak,
Or riſe I up, or ly I down,
Or chuſe to ſit, or to be gone,
Still all my thoughts, and words, and actions are
By thee minutely known, to thee all-thorow clear.

But

But how theſe all-obſerving views of thine
Are form'd; how in thy intellect divine
All objects meet at once; how thou do'ſt ſee
Diſtinctly, in the twinkling of an eye,
All that or was, or is, or e'er ſhall be;
A myſt'ry is, which my weak mind,
With reverence, muſt adore, but cannot compre-
hend.

II.

Eternal and Immenſe!
What point in the wide univerſe ſhall I
Imagine, where I may remoteſt ly,
From thy almighty arm, from thy omniſcient eye?
In heav'n ſhall I ſeek this retreat?
Heav'n of thy empire is the ſeat;
Refulgent there, thy glory ſhines,
The center of its radiant lines,
Which blaze o'er all the world abroad;
There, in full ſplendor of a GOD
Thou reign'ſt, with an immenſity of ſtate!
In lower regions ſhall I ſeek a cell?
The deepeſt and the darkeſt one in hell,

Where

Where wrapt in ſhades of everlaſting night,
Shades that ne'er felt one mingling ray of light,
I may forgotten dwell?
No, no the hideous yell
And howling of the neighbourhood,
Thy dire approaches would proclaim aloud;
And make my trembling heart ſoon know,
Thou'rt preſent, with a vengeance in the ſhades below.

III.

Come, I'm array'd, on right and left,
With wings, ſwift as the morning light,
I'll clap, and take my daring flight
To the far weſtern bound:
Can any chink, can any cleft,
Or in the craggy ſhore,
Or deep below the wat'ry ſtore,
To hide me here, obſcure enough be found?
Ah! ſtill, in vain, I ſeek to fly,
And ſculk from thy immenſity!
Thy hand, which does all nature graſp,
Would me, wherever lurking, claſp,
And captive held, ſoon make me know,

That

That whereſoe'er I ſeek to go,
No diſtance can me far remove,
From thee, in whom I live, my being have, and move.

IV.

Can darkneſs caſt, o'er me, a vail?
Night's ſhades me, from thy ſight, conceal?
Vain thought! thou art the ſource of light,
To thee theſe names of day and night,
Regarding our vain changing ſtate,
(Our meaſures of time's fleeting date)
Belong not; no relation bear
To thy duration unconfin'd:
To thee, alike diſtinct and clear,
All things, by day and night, appear
Seen in the light of thine all-glorious mind!
So was I ſeen, ſo was I throughly known
By thee, when my firſt principles were ſown;
And left to ripen in the gloomy cell,
The womb, where nature acts her part ſo well.

V.

Great author of my being! I adore
Thy wond'rous wiſdom, thy ſtupend'ous pow'r,

By

By which this artful frame of mine was made;
Thou ſaw'ſt the formleſs maſs, when laid
In priſon, by my parent's ſide!
Thou ſaw'ſt, and did'ſt the huddl'd ſeeds divide,
Thou did'ſt their quick'ning motions guide,
And over all the work, with wond'rous skill preſide!
Thy hand my ſlender fibres twin'd:
Thy hand my num'rous members join'd:
Each part its figure took and place,
Each part did ſtretch, and grow apace,
In wond'rous nice proportion, till the whole
Organick frame refin'd,
By the bright model, in thy mind,
Was finiſh'd to receive and lodge the heav'n-born ſoul.
O curious workmanſhip! O art divine!
Where all the wonders of creation ſhine!
O admirable ſtructure! where we ſee
What ſilence muſt, or ſatisfy
The ſons of infidelity,
That GOD the Author *is*, muſt neceſſar'ly *be*!

VI. By

VI.

By wond'rous arts, my being roſe!
By means, as wonderful as thoſe
Still it has been maintain'd.
O GOD, how admirably kind
Has thy indulgence been to me!
What way, ſhall I thy favours rate
Their ſum how ſhall I eſtimate?
Not all the ſands that ly along the ſhore,
Tho' that's a huge unnumber'd ſtore,
Their ſum can equal, or their moment weigh.
To think of them, by day, I pleaſure take,
By night, of them I dream,
And whenſoe'er my ſlumbers break,
At morn or midnight, when I wake,
I think anew on the delightful theme.

Providence.

SEE ! how his hand conducts the lab'ring chain
Of cauſes ; ſee ! how the obſequious train
Of effects and events, ſucceſſive, come
Ripe from their mother cauſe's teeming womb!
O pow'rful providence ! th' all-moving ſpring
Of the wide univerſe ; where ev'ry thing
Living, or lifeleſs, ſubject to thy ſway
Stops, varies, or purſues its wonted way.
Thy care from mighty *Gabriel* does deſcend
The meaneſt inſect, on our earth, to tend ;
Nothing, at firſt, created by thy pow'r
Neglected lies : the very ſandy ſtore
By thee is number'd : thou the droops do'ſt tell
Which the tumult'ous ocean's boſom ſwell.
O what a glorious ſcene does it afford
To ſee an univerſe ſo richly ſtor'd
With creatures numberleſs, who great and ſmall
Hang on thy hand, for being, life and all!

Wha

What wonder! O my GOD! what ſtrange ſurprize
Should, from thy conduct, to our minds, ariſe?
Could we thy well-laid meaſures comprehend,
Which run from time's beginning to its end!
See! how yon diſtant bleſſing cuts its way,
Circling through num'rous cauſes, kept in play
To haſte it forward, timely, to my hand,
With welcome ſuccours, ſuiting my demand!
So did the fiſh, fraught with the ſilver prey,
At his command, whom nature's hoſts obey,
Come to the great apoſtle's hand, when he
Fiſh'd for the tribute-money in the ſea.
Great Parent, I, with humble thanks, receive
Each bleſſing that thy bounty's pleas'd to give.
Whate'er to ſecond cauſes I may owe,
To thee, the ſource whence all my comforts flow,
My firſt, and chief acknowledgments are due.

Secret Goodneſs.

FAR from the noiſe and notice of the crowd,
O might I lead a life obſcurely good!
Thoughtleſs of honour, far removed from ſtrife,
And all the buſtlings of a pageant life,
In peaceful ſilence might I ſpend my days,
And humbly proſper in religion's ways!
Let me be truly good, I ſhall not care
How few to witneſs, or to vouch it are:
Known to my GOD and conſcience I ſhall be
Indiff'rent what all others think of me.
Yea, ſure, it is the good man's only pride,
His goodneſs, from the publick view to hide;
Till at the day of revelations, he
Who now his witneſs, then his judge to be,
Pointing him out, amidſt the crowd, ſhall ſay,
Behold! the man, who ſtole unknown away,
With more true goodneſs than was e'er believ'd,
Now mark him all, and be all undeceiv'd!

Pro-

Progreſſive Goodneſs.

FROM heav'n true goodneſs takes its noble riſe,
And upward bends its progreſs to the skies:
No ſtinted meaſures can its courſe confine,
Sprung from a ſource immortal and divine.
O glorious ardor! O praiſe-worthy ſtrife!
To reach the topmoſt height of chriſtian life.
What honour'd names? what monuments are due
To ſuch as this exalted end purſue?
See FIDUS (fixt and well advis'd his will)
Purſue his journey heav'nward up the hill!
Perfection is his aim, nor will he ſtop
Till he has reach'd the ſummit of his hope.
Ah me! how much my face is flush'd with ſhame!
How much my conſcious heart does me condemn!
That worth the while ſo little yet I've done,
And but a ſhort way tow'rds perfection gone.
May I, good GOD, aſſiſted by thy grace,
Henceforth the time redeem, and mend my pace:

May each new day, that ſheds abroad its light,
See me a better man; may each new night
Witneſs the progreſs in religion's way,
Which I have made on the preceeding day.
As time's ſucceſſion rapidly rolls on,
As ev'ry hour purſues the hour that's gone,
Such may my progreſs in true goodneſs be,
Swift, regular, from interruption free,
Till by advances, like the morning light,
Which grows apace, from dawn to mid-day bright,
I reach, and look, with tranſport from perfection's height.

Faith ſeeing Chriſt.

I.

SEE! ſee the beauties of his face!
What charms in lovely JESUS dwell!
See heav'n diſplay'd in ev'ry grace!
This angels ſee, but cannot tell.

II. In

II.

In him his Father's glories ſhine!
His image and delight is he!
Perfections with perfections join
In him, the faireſt that can be!

III.

Oh! that my faith had ſharper eyes,
His lovely beauties to deſcry!
When diſtant views ſo much ſurpriſe,
What bliſs muſt in near viſion ly?

The Impatience.

I.

MY ſoul lies melting in deſires;
Seraphick flames diſſolve my heart;
O thou who kindl'd haſt theſe fires,
Thy ſolaces divine impart.

II.

O GOD I love, and long to be
Poſſeſt of thy divineſt charms!

O ſweeteſt JESUS haſte to me,
And claſp me in thy glorious arms.

III.

Bow, bow ye heav'ns, for him make way;
Fly *Gabriel* to proclaim him near:
O JESUS come, without delay,
I can't thy abſence longer bear.

Chriſt all in all.

I.

JESUS is my life and ſoul;
JESUS fills my heart with joy;
Tides of pleaſure through me roll;
Love all my paſſions does controul;
If thoughts of JESUS me employ.

II.

JESUS darts his heav'nly rays
Through my glad heart to give me light:
If JESUS his ſweet face diſplays,
I'm bleſt a thouſand nameleſs ways;
My heav'n I find in JESUS' ſight.

III.

JESUS is my dear ſupport,
When in diſtreſs I humbl'd lye;
With joys of the divineſt ſort
JESUS does my ſoul comfort;
JESUS raiſes me on high.

IV.

JESUS by his ſacred beams
My black'ned ſoul makes white as ſnow.
I'm waſh'd, however odd it ſeems,
My JESUS, by thoſe purple ſtreams
Which guſhing from thy ſides did flow.

V.

JESUS did my peace procure;
My peace maintain dear JESUS ſhall:
JESUS all my woes does cure;
Of heav'n my JESUS makes me ſure;
JESUS is my all in all.

The Good Samaritan.

ASK you who was the good *Samaritan*?
JESUS himself was that dear friend of man;
Who from the heav'nly *Salem*, not by chance,
But kind design, his journey did commence,
Forseeing how mankind, become the prey
Of hellish cut-throats, pale and gasping lay.
Angels of ev'ry order, tho' they knew
The wretched plight we now are in, withdrew;
Nor was their pow'r nor pity such, as they
Durst the relief of hopeless man essay.
But when the mighty friend of souls came down,
He, with a love peculiarly his own,
To heal our wounds, did gen'rously impart
Balsamick streams from his own bleeding heart;
The cure he did perform with wond'rous skill;
The cost defraying, with a strange good-will;
Himself our sicknesses and sorrows bore,
And he our debts plac'd all on his own score.

O glo-

O glorious friend! ſtill may the praiſe of heav'n
And earth, to thee, as a juſt debt, be giv'n.
May angels ever celebrate thy love,
And ſaints below, conſpire with ſaints above
To crown thee with their lowdeſt hymns, whilſt I
Strain my beſt pow'rs to join the harmony.

The wandering Heart.

SO far! ſo ſoon! oh wand'rer haſt thou run,
And travers'd ev'ry clime below the ſun?
Now, in the old, now, to the new world fled,
Now home again, the globe quite round ſurvey'd,
O'er vales, o'er mountains, tracts of land and ſea,
And all in the ſhort twinkling of an eye!
Thy rovings who, but for one day, would trace,
Through all the turns of thy wild-croſſing race,
Would find the task as much above his pow'r
As to recount the ſands that form the ſhore.
Fetter'd, I thought I had thee in my breaſt,
And ſhould thee now a good while there arreſt,

At home confine thee cloſe, and task thee hard,
When lo! the doors, as by ſome ſpell unbarr'd,
Sudden thou'rt fled again, ſpight of my guard.
Oh wand'ring heart! oh idly buſy thing,
Ever abroad! and ever on the wing!
Pleas'd o'er a thouſand barren wilds to roam,
Rather than live with ſweet content at home.
Yet leſs offenſive would thy rovings be,
If from them were my ſerious moments free.
But ah! vain wand'ring heart, when e'er I try
(Fled from all other trifling company)
Sedately to ſurvey celeſtial things,
Born up on faith, and contemplation's wings;
Ev'n then thy intermixing, idle cares
Diſtract my thoughts, and backward drag my pray'rs
O Thou who holdeſt, in thy mighty hand,
The reins which the wide univerſe command;
Obedient to whoſe abſolute controul
The winds forbear to blow, the waves to roll,
Do thou my yet more reſtleſs heart reſtrain
From motions ſo extravagantly vain:

Rebuke its rovings, check its wild career,
Fix, and confine it, to its proper ſphere:
Oh! let it not ſtill be, a trifling wanderer.

The Communing.

COME wand'ring heart of mine, return to reſt;
Come viſit thine own long forſaken breaſt.
The world ſhut out, and all compos'd within,
Some ſecret converſe with thy ſelf begin.
Say heart, how wilt thou anſwer to thy GOD
For trifling thus, and roaming ſtill abroad,
When thou, at home, has ſo much work to do,
And ſuch the vaſt importance of it too?
See'ſt not, my heart, what heaps of filth ly here,
What vile and crawling knots of vipers there;
In ev'ry corner, obvious to the eye
Abominations thick and reeking ly.
Should ſuch vile inmates be allow'd to dwell,
Where GOD poſſeſſion claims? O where's the zeal,
That with a juſt ſeverity ſhould flame,
And thence, indignant, ſcourge them out with ſhame?

Vain

Vain thoughts, and idle words are criminal;
Thee to account for both, thy GOD will call;
Conſider what a maſs of guilt muſt riſe
Ev'n from thine atom-like iniquities.
In purity and goodneſs to encreaſe;
To gain upon the way that leads to bliſs;
By riſing ſteps to reach the diſtant joy
Of perfect vertue, ſhould thy care employ:
But thou with ſmall degrees of goodneſs pleas'd,
And glad of ſtrict religion to be eas'd,
In ſloth and trifling do'ſt theſe moments ſpend,
On which thine everlaſting hopes depend.
Awake my heart, for very ſhame awake,
Let reaſon, conſcience, and thy int'reſt ſpeak!
Think if ſuch indolence, thy GOD can pleaſe?
Did CHRIST's example dictate ſo much eaſe?
Is this the way to gain the heav'nly crown?
Or is ſalvation-work ſo eaſy grown?
O rouſe, my heart, ſhake off this lethargy,
Look forward to that vaſt eternity,
Where thou'rt or ever made, or ever loſt,
As now thou'rt careleſs, or juſt pains beſtow'ſt.

Re-

Religious Diligence.

I.

WHAT? ſlothful when your all's at ſtake!
When heav'n's the prize you loſe or gain!
What! for one pleaſant moment's ſake
The hazard run of endleſs pain!
Rouſe, rouſe my ſoul, thy pow'rs unite
And bend them in the enterprize:
Who conquer would, they firſt muſt fight;
The road to heav'n is ſteep and ſtrait,
Thorny, and up the hill it lies.

II.

On earth no paradiſe there's now,
No rich, luxuriant, teeming ſoil,
Where all things needful for us grow,
Without our care, without our toil.
Man's doom'd his daily bread to eat
With ard'ous labour, painful ſtriſe,

Nor muſt he hope, nor is it meet,
That without labour, without ſweat,
He ſhould obtain the bread of life.

III.

Heav'n is from us, a diſtant clime,
And difficult our journey thither;
Short and uncertain is our time,
And rough the way, and rough the weather.
One day in cradle, next in tomb!
What need we have to run, to fly,
That to our everlaſting home,
We ſafe and timeouſly may come,
Before the dark'ning of our sky?

IV.

What? ſhall we think a heav'n of joys
Shall proſtituted be to ſuch
Who value them leſs than the toys
Which now they labour for ſo much?
Shall yawning wiſhes, faint eſſays,
Be thought enough to merit bliſs?
Who e'er by ſuch unlikely ways,
His fortunes here propos'd to raiſe,
And ſhall a heav'n be got for leſs?

Reli-

V.

Religion is a work of time,
Of ard'ous labour, cloſe purſuit:
The tree of life we firſt muſt climb,
Before we eat the pleaſant fruit:
For ſince perfection is attain'd
By riſing ſteps, and growing grace,
Hold faſt we muſt, what we have gain'd,
In view of the exalted end,
And daily, hourly, mend our pace.

VI.

Immortal made, what ſhould we mind
So much as immortality?
Of beings, for a heav'n deſign'd,
What but a heav'n the care ſhould be?
Rouſe, rouſe my ſoul, thy moments fly,
Time bears thee on its wings away,
Awful eternity is nigh!
Thy task purſue, th' occaſion ply,
Oh! great's the loſs but of a day.

The Deluſion.

ABUNDANT joys my mind did overflow,
No man more happy was, methought, when lo!
Preſumption ſtealing in upon my heart,
By the deceiver's unſuſpected art,
Caught me aloft into the air, where I
A dang'rous flight on wings deluſive try.
Who can be more the favourite of heav'n?
To whom diviner conſolations giv'n?
Methought, was whiſper'd in my ear, and I
Fond to believe it, did not quite deny.
" How little, and how diſtant in my eyes,
" Appears yon crowd! how far the heav'nly prize
" Above their reach, who move ſo ſlow, whilſt I
" Eager to catch it, thus mount up on high!
Such my vain thought! —— whilſt as I higher riſe,
Dark miſts begin to ſwim before my eyes,
Till in a trice precipitant I fall,
And quick perceive it was deluſion all.

That

That the deceiver caught me unaware,
His thoughtleſs, eaſy trophy through the air,
And rais'd me to a pitch before unknown,
Whence I might headlong fall the further down.
And now, with ſhame o'erwhelm'd, I ly and mourn,
Griev'd to be made the vile impoſture's ſcorn.
What wretch ſo vile, good LORD, was e'er ſo vain?
What heart but mine, ſuch dreams could entertain?
Oh where's my grace? how ſhould it be expreſt,
But by humility the ſureſt teſt?
Bright counterfeits come ſhining from the mold,
But ſtill they want the ſolid weight of gold.
Sure all's deceit on which I have rely'd,
And yet, the cheat till now I never ſpy'd.
Ah! hypocrite! —— But as with fierce deſpight
I thus my ſelf upbraid, a beam of light
From heav'n, methought, ſhone ſudden in my mind,
With which ſuggeſted was, ſee how the fiend
Stands in the dark, and by malicious art,
Sportful thus handies your incautious heart.
Warn'd of his fraud, your jealouſies diſmiſs,
And let your mind reſume its wonted peace.

Humble and cautious, yet with confidence
Of your ſincerity maintain the ſence.
And when perplexing doubts begin to riſe,
Suſpect the ſly ſeducer in diſguiſe;
Silence 'em quickly, e'er they gather ſtrength,
By hearing and debating them at length:
As vexing ſhun 'em, and as vain deſpiſe,
In ſcruples nothing of religion lies.

On the Lord's Day.

AS weary pilgrims, wand'ring night and day,
Through pathleſs deſerts, doubtful ſeek their way,
Faint and diſconſolate; ev'n ſuch would be
The tedious tract of my mortality,
Did not each ſeventh-day's holy reſt impart
New life and comfort to my drooping heart;
Whence with freſh vigor I my courſe purſue,
Eager to reach the holy land in view.
O ſacred, ſweeteſt part of time, to me
The type and pledge of immortality,

When

When I am wont, forgetting worldly cares,
With joy to mount above the rolling ſpheres,
And in the preſence of my GOD to ſtay
With ſaints and angels keeping holy-day.
Auſpicious day! can e'er thy morning light,
Salute my eyes without a freſh delight,
When I the ſcenes of glory call to mind,
The triumphs of the Saviour of mankind
By which diſtinguiſh'd, thou (as queen of days)
Do'ſt ſhine illuſtrious, crown'd with ſacred rays.
O bleſſed Day! the *day which* GOD *has made*,
With joys divine, the humble heart to glad:
When from his open, inexhauſted ſtores
He moſt profuſely, down, his bleſſings pours:
When his glad ſaints ſit basking in his rays,
And teſtify their joy with grateful praiſe.
But oh! what pleaſures muſt their life employ,
Who an eternal ſabbath-day enjoy;
Who far removed from wearineſs and pain,
From ev'ry thought impertinent and vain,
In GOD's delightful preſence ever dwell,
In knowing, loving, praiſing ſo excel

That they their very wiſhes cannot ſtretch
Beyond the bliſsful heights, they ever reach.

A Thought for the Sabbath Morning.

I.

WAKE, wake, my ſoul, the morning's wings
Long ſince their journey took,
And as they carry on the day,
Thy ſloth and ſleep rebuke.

II.

Hark! how the orbs revolving ſound
The great Creator's praiſe:
See how the ſun his glory paints
With his new lighted rays.

III.

Freſh with the morn glad nature ſmiles,
And thanks her bounteous King;
The tuneful birds their early notes,
As an oblation bring.

IV.

Wake, wake, my ſoul, and join the choir,
Thy Maker's praiſe proclaim:
The longeſt day, ſhort is by far
But to attempt the theme.

V.

This bleſſed day dear JESUS ſaw,
Riſe early from the grave;
New blazon'd was his glorious name,
I mighty am to ſave.

VI.

The bonds of death he broke, and ſhall
The bonds of ſleep hold thee:
Wake, wake, my ſoul, and celebrate
His glorious victory.

VII.

Behold! how early at his tomb
The pious matrons meet,
His lifeleſs body to perfume,
His ſtory to repeat.

VIII.

And ſhalt thou not, my ſoul, attend

Him rising from the grave, and crown'd
With immortality.

IX.

Yea mount, my soul, and him pursue
To heav'n triumphant gone!
Behold, how glorious there he shines
On his imperial throne!

X.

Mount, and thy early homage pay
To thy exalted LORD,
Thy chearful praises, with the day
Join, and his love record.

On the Holy Scriptures.

'TIS true in *Tully*, and great *Virgil*'s lines
A matchless force of happy genius shines:
Their works with pleasure ten times I read o'er,
And still see beauties unobserv'd before.

But yet 'tis meerly human all they ſay,
Or trifles by their wit made wondrous gay;
The fancy's pleas'd, the judgment light obtains,
But moſtly 'tis in things ſcarce worth the pains.
The ſacred volumes dart diviner rays,
To things ſublimer the attention raiſe;
Grand and important matters they reveal,
Such as are worthy of a GOD to tell!
Their naked ſenſe, without the help of art,
Affects and moves, a thouſand ways, the heart.
Conſcience, that no where elſe is ſo addreſt,
Feels, here, convictions levell'd at her breaſt:
Rous'd and purſu'd, ſhe caſts about in vain,
To fly the winged ſhafts that fix her pain;
No ſhift can eaſe her, till ſhe conquer'd lies,
And yields herſelf a bleeding ſacrifice.
Here, plenty ſtriving with variety,
Affords a charming proſpect, to the eye
Of the enlightn'd mind: refulgent rays
Of GOD, diſcovered in his works and ways
Of grace tranſcendant to loſt human kind,
With ſweet ſurpriſe, fill the admiring mind!

Here

Here, ſhining rules of holineſs, with bright
Examples, to the precepts giving light,
The holy ſpirit, for a ſecret guide,
And pow'rful motives rang'd on ev'ry ſide,
Lead to perfection, and the ſure reward
Of heav'nly bliſs, for God-like ſouls prepar'd.
Here, trees of life in goodly order grow;
Rivers of milk and honey mid'ſt 'em flow.
Sweet promiſes, with heav'nly comforts fraught,
New life and joy afford at ev'ry draught,
To the devout and eager ſoul, whoſe taſte
Can reliſh the delights of ſuch a feaſt.
Here Sanctity, in native beauties dreſt,
Commands reſpect, and conquers ev'ry breaſt
That with an humble, honeſt mind, eſſays
To learn religion's plain and eaſy ways.
Such pow'rful rays the ſacred pages dart,
As light at once the mind, and warm the heart,
From ignorance and ſin the ſoul transform,
And what they teach enable to perform!
Let other volumes then, philoſophize;
On words of ancient authors criticiſe;

Preſcribe wiſe rules to guide the common-wealth,
Maxims of ſtate, or regimens of health.
The book of GOD more noble themes contains,
Inculcates things more worthy of our pains,
How we may truly wiſe and happy grow,
How we may CHRIST, the ſum of wiſdom know,
And everlaſting bliſs, unerring reach,
By living as his life and precepts teach.

Publick Worſhip.

Pſal. lxxxiv *paraphras'd from v.* 1. *to* 11.

I.

ADMIR'D, my GOD, and much deſir'd by me
The happineſs ſhall ever be,
Thy ſacred courts to tread, and join
The ſolemn ſweet devotions there,
Which humble ſaints, with zealous care
Addreſs to thee, O Majeſty divine!

But ah! my foe's relentleſs hate,
Ah! laſting malice! mournful fate!
An exile from the joys I ſo much prize,
Oppreſs'd with grief my ſoul impatient cries,
Oh ſhall I never ſee the day,
The happy time when yet I may
Repair to theſe fair courts of GOD,
The lovely place of his abode;
Oh! ſhall it never be, again ſhe cries,
And hopeleſs faints away, amidſt redoubl'd ſighs.

II.

Happy ye birds, which lodge ſo nigh
The altars of my GOD and king.
Ye ſparrows, and ye ſwallows too that fly
Around his courts, and there,
Without annoyance, without fear,
To neſtle are allowed,
And there to hatch and train your brood,
And there to wanton and to ſing.
Happy your ſtate, whilſt wretched I
Muſt here in exile mourning ly,

Weary

Weary of life, long as deny'd
The joys of thoſe who in GOD's houſe abide.
Abide! O dear invidious bliſs!
How ſweet a heav'n do they poſſeſs,
In praiſing thee, my GOD, both night and day!
Angelick work! yea happy LORD are they,
Who on the great diſtinguiſh'd days,
Which call the tribes to ſolemn praiſe,
Confiding in thy aids divine, proceed
Rejoicing in the ways which to fair *Salem* lead.

III.

Methinks, I ſee the eager travellers go,
O'erſpread with duſt, and ſweat,
And panting with the ſultry heat:
Methinks, I ſee them march apace
In companies from ev'ry diſtant place,
And chide their feet, as ſtill too ſlow.
And lo! in *Baca*'s valley, where
No living ſprings of water are,
From pools ſupply'd by plenteous ſhowers of rain,
They quench their thriſt's encreaſing pain,
And their lov'd journey ſtrait purſue again.

Each emulous troop advancing with good will,
Strives to outſtrip each other ſtill:
And now with unremitted haſte,
The ſeveral ſtages of their journey paſt,
With joy in ev'ry heart and face,
They reach at laſt the wiſh'd-for place,
Ev'n *Zion*'s lovely hill, where they
To GOD preſent their off'rings, and their homage pay.

IV.

Almighty GOD bend thy indulgent ear
To my moſt humble fervent pray'r.
Pity a wretch, oh! pity me,
Who tho' anointed to a crown,
Anointed by thy own decree,
To rule the people ſtil'd thine own,
Am now debarr'd from all that's dear to me.
Pity and help without delay,
Pity, my GOD; for ev'ry day
I'm kept from thy lov'd courts away
Seems a long tedious age. —— My choice
Prefers one day of theſe dear joys

Known

Known in thy temple, to a thouſand ſpent,
In the moſt luſcious pleaſures men invent
To glut their ſenſes, or to drown their care.
Thy temple's my delight! O place me there,
Tho' but to keep the door, and I'll confeſs
My ſelf once more a happy man, and bleſs
The GOD who hears my pray'rs, who does my
wrongs redreſs.

Faſting.

RELIGIOUS faſting feaſts the ſoul with joy,
And cures theſe ills which would her health
deſtroy;
At once affording food and medicine,
Life to devotion, deadly wounds to ſin;
Hence wing'd my ſoul ſoars with a nimbler flight
Far 'bove the clouds, and hovers with delight
In pure celeſtial air, and joys that ſhe
Has from the fetters of her guilt got free.
What tho' to *ſenſe* this exerciſe gives pain,
Grudg'd and reluctant let it ſtill complain:

No mattter if the better part receive
Advantage, how much *ſenſe* is made to grieve.

The Declenſion.

AH! how imperfect is my ſtate at beſt!
How ſhort while my good diſpoſitions laſt!
Whatever heights at one time I attain,
I quickly at another loſe again;
My ſelf reverſing, like the tide, that goes
Quite as far backward as it forward flows.
It was but lately, that my ſoul could riſe,
And heav'n-ward ſpeed her flight beyond the skies;
But now alas! like inſect-motion ſlow
She only grovels on the ground below;
A ſtranger to the upper world, where ſhe
Was wont a frequent viſitant to be.
Obedience, then, with ſweet delight was crown'd
And *that* to be the ſource of *this* I found:

But ah! theſe joys which were before a feaſt
I can't attain ſo much as now to taſte.
If conſcience clam'rous drag me to my knees,
Between my lips the dull petitions freeze:
'Tis formal all I ſay, without the heat
And zeal that ſhould devotion animate.
Tho' preſſing guilt gives warning to repent,
My harden'd heart refuſes to relent;
Nor will my tears, for all that I can do,
To force them, from their ſeal'd-up fountains flow.
The ſmiles of JESUS, that were like a heav'n
When on my ſoul diſplay'd, are no more giv'n.
My ſun's eclipſ'd, dark night vails round the skies,
And ah! I know not when the morn will riſe.
Heartleſs and feeble, with a worm-like pace,
I creep, but run not, now my chriſtian race,
Averſe to duties which I lov'd before;
And e'er they're well begun I give them o'er.
Full of confuſion, darkneſs, doubts, and fears,
No hope ariſing from my feeble pray'rs,
I tremble leaſt the laſt great day ſhould come,
And ſnatch me in this poſture to my doom.

O bleſſed ſource of light and life, impart
New joy, and vigor to my drooping heart.
Revive, my GOD, my ſoul, nor take away
Theſe aids of grace wherein *her great ſtrength lay*;
Return, return my better life, reſtore
Such happy days as I have known before.

The Supply.

THE treaſures of the God-head open ſtand
Whilſt he diſpenſes with a lib'ral hand!
The ſpacious ocean bounded is by ſhores,
But free of limits are his gracious ſtores!
O glorious ſource of all divine ſupplies,
Where a whole ſtarving world's proviſion lies!
All that Almighty goodneſs can afford,
Is in a Mediator richly ſtor'd!
To thy abundant grace I'll ſtill repair,
Sure to obtain ſufficient ſuccours there,
To ſooth my pains, to prop my weaker part,
And fetch home conſolations to my heart.

Paint-

Panting, I'll at the heav'nly currents ly
And take in my ungrudg'd, and full ſupply.
If willing, all are welcome to receive;
For who can more deſire, than heav'n can give?
Lo! from his breaſt (an ever-flowing ſource)
What heav'nly torrents ſpeed their downward courſe,
Whoſe wide diffus'd and bounteous ſtreams o'erflow
And water all the realms of grace below.
Ly open, then, my ſoul, the floods embrace,
Open, and welcome home the tides of grace,
Till thou repleniſh'd with the heav'nly ſtore,
Shalt ſay enough, dear LORD, I need, can take
no more.

The Inconſtant.

FICKLE and falſe oh! heart ſtill wilt thou prove,
Nor aw'd by terrors, nor conſtrain'd by love?
In ſpight of all my vows, by thee betray'd,
The foe's deriſion ſhall I ſtill be made?

Eaſy

Eaſy, alas! his conqueſt well may be,
When all's given up into his hands by thee;
And little needs he try his ſubtile wiles,
Againſt a heart, which thus itſelf beguiles.
Ah! traitor, than the foe himſelf more falſe,
He to himſelf is true, tho' to none elſe:
But thou conſpiring 'gainſt thy ſelf doeſt ſhow
How madly fond thyſelf thou'rt to undo.
By ſolemn vows myſelf I lately bound,
More firmly 'gainſt the foe to ſtand my ground;
With ſtricter care to ſerve my GOD, and ſhow
What my beſt reſolutions now could do.
But ah! *deceiver*, undermin'd by thee,
The ſame *inconſtant* ſtill I'm found to be.
My vows and purpoſes ſcarce tryal bear;
But, ſoon as made, revers'd and broken are.
And now my GOD, what ſhall I ſay to thee?
What plead in my excuſe? ſuch treachery
May thee, too, once for all, provoke to change,
And turn thy patience into fierce revenge.
But ſince, dear LORD, 'tis thy prerogative
Long to forbear, and often to forgive,

O le

O let thy mercy ſhield me from thy rage,
O let thy grace indulgent for me pledge,
Till yet I try if this my heart can be,
My GOD, made faithful to it ſelf and thee.

A Preparatory Thought for the Lord's Supper.

AWAKE, awake my ſoul, with timely care,
For the approaching interview prepare:
In awful myſteries lo! from on high
Thy Saviour-GOD deſcends before thine eye!
Awake, awake and ſummon ev'ry pow'r
With rev'rence to attend and to adore,
Whilſt in thy view the amazing ſcenes unfold,
Which wiſeſt angels with ſurpriſe behold.
Here rays of grace ſhed down their heav'nly light,
And open to our eyes a wondrous ſight;
Mankind redeem'd! a work all o'er divine,
Where all heav'n's glorious attributes combine
But darling *mercy* boaſts the brighteſt ſhine!

Of-

Offended *Juſtice* pleads her native rights,
Claims ſatisfaction on the rebel-wights,
Who boldly dar'd to violate her laws,
And tempt her dire revenge without a cauſe.
'Tis done. He whoſe exalted merits ſhine
Without a rival! he whoſe pow'r divine
Was equal for the taſk, the Son of GOD
Engages to ſuſtain the dreadful load
Of humane guilt, and heav'n's vindictive ire
Till *Juſtice* own ſhe can no more require.
Here, to fulfil the compact, he is ſeen
Born of a woman, born without a ſtain:
Tho' human meanneſſes his glories cloud,
Yet virtues all-divine reveal the GOD.
Here, all the labours of his life we trace,
His matchleſs toils ſuſtain'd for human race.
Here, all his woes before our eyes are ſet,
The vocal figures ſtill his woes repeat.
Come then, my ſoul, advantag'd by the view,
Thy Saviour, through the mournful ſcenes, purſue;
Trace his amazing ſuff'rings, come and ſee
If any ſorrows like to his there be!

Be-

Behold him to *Gethſemane* repair
My ſoul, behold him agonizing there;
How dire his pain! how ſtrange the ſweat and blood
Forc'd from his body, in a mingl'd flood!
Whilſt, for the eaſe of his aſtoniſh'd heart,
An angel tries, kind ſuccours to impart.
O wond'rous, wond'rous force of love divine!
O harden'd, ſenſeleſs, ſtupid heart of mine!
That unrelenting can the ſtory hear,
Nor o'er his woes drop one condoling tear!
Before the partial judge he ſtands arraign'd,
Purſu'd with lies and accuſations feign'd;
Malice and impudence their utmoſt do
To fix one crime, but find not ev'n the ſhew
Of one, for which he juſtly can be blam'd;
Yet guiltleſs he to death muſt be condemn'd,
The rulers monſtrous ſpight to gratify,
And ſtill the people's mad inhuman cry.
Ah *Pilate*! where's the juſtice! where the laws
Of *Rome*! to treſpaſs in ſo plain a cauſe!
Ah infamous, know there's a day to come,
When you from him ſhall have a juſter doom.

Cloth'd with mock-purple, crown'd with thorns
he ſtands
Amidſt the rude, inſulting *Roman* bands;
They buffet, taunt, ſpit in his ſacred face;
Pour on him floods of outrage and diſgrace:
They ſtrip him naked for the furious ſcourge;
And ſtripe does ſtripe with rage unerring urge;
Whilſt, from his furrow'd ſhoulders, wounded ſides
The ſtreaming crimſon down unpity'd glides.
O heav'n! how can'ſt thou now thy rage reſtrain?
Are there no thunders in thy magazine?
Ah! angels can ye tame ſpectators ſtand?
Not one to fly, with vengeance in his hand
To curſe, confound, and blaſt the impious crew
Who thus dare treat your Maker in your view?
Behold him on the croſs ſuſpended high,
Betwixt two malefactors doom'd to dy,
As if their crimes and villanies accurſt,
Had center'd in him, of the three the worſt.
Whilſt ſhameleſs rulers, with ſatanick pride,
Inſult his perſon, and his woes deride.

Be.

Behold him ſicker ſtill and paler grow!
Till in the very criſis of his woe
He cries *my* GOD, *my* GOD, *why haſt thou me*
Forſaken? ah! how can this riddle be
Explain'd? dear LORD, what infinite diſtreſs
Does this amazing plaint of thine confeſs?
In ſuch a dark and diſmal juncture lo!
All nature ſhews a ſympathy of woe!
The ſun, t' avoid the execrable ſight,
Starts back, and vails the world with ſable night
The trembling earth deteſts the horrid ſcene!
And rocks aſunder rent proclaim his pain!
A ſuff'ring GOD, the *Grecian* ſage can gueſs:
The *Roman* ſoldier does the truth confeſs:
The ſelf-convicted people ſmite their breaſts,
And all are moved but cruel ſcribes and prieſts.
Ah! harden'd ſet of men! —— But hold my heart
Blame thy ſelf more, condemn the cruel part
Thy ſins then acted, theſe produc'd his woes,
Than *Jews* or *Romans* theſe were more his foes:
On theſe, who in this tragedy did all,
My ſoul, let thy ſevere reſentments fall.

Ah! ſin accurs'd, what miſchief haſt thou done
Since, firſt, thy havocks, 'mongſt mankind, begun?
What millions haſt thou damn'd! how dear the rate
At which I'm ranſom'd to a better fate?
To *Golgotha*, my ſoul, direct thine eyes,
There ſee thy Saviour's wounds, there hear his cries,
There ſee how for thy ſins transfix'd, he bleeds and dies!
Ah ſuff'ring Saviour could I bleed with *thee*;
And feel the pangs, which thou didſt feel for me;
Reacting thy dire paſſion in my heart,
And pierc'd like thee in ev'ry tender part.
Yes bleed my heart, by ſympathizing pain,
Aſſume his ſorrows, and his woes ſuſtain,
With him ſuſpended in the open air,
The ſhame and torture of his paſſion ſhare;
And grudge the thieves their honourable room
Of dying with him by one common doom.
Death for thy ſake he willing did ſuſtain
Thy Saviour, when thy judge he might have been,
And doom'd thee to a ſtate of endleſs woe:
Amazing love! which he alone could ſhow.

My

My thoughts fall ſhort, my words for ever fail,
Nor tongues of men or angels, LORD, can tell
What thanks, what praiſes for ſuch grace are due,
What high returns, my gratitude, ſhould ſhew.
My proſtrate ſoul and life, LORD, at thy feet
I lay, with pleaſure thy commands to wait.
CHRIST crucify'd, I'll as my GOD adore,
Exalt thy praiſes, and thy aids implore;
Ty'd to thy croſs, proud of its infamy,
I'll joy, my LORD, to be conform'd to thee.
In thy bleſt paſſion daily I'll confide
For pardon, peace, for life and all beſide.
And now, dear Saviour, that thou doſt vouchſafe
To feed me with the purchaſe of thy death,
With humble rev'rence I'll approach and taſte
The ſacred dainties of this royal feaſt,
And thy munificence, ſo wond'rous great,
With all my beſt affections celebrate.

A Penitential Exerciſe before the LORD's Supper.

I.

COME all ye mourners of renown,
Whom penitential honours crown,
Come, lend me all your tears and ſighs,
Your ſoft complaints, and humble cries,
Your ſecret groans and agonies:
For, oh, I need them all, and more,
To pay the debt of grief I owe,
(A debt of heart-afflicting woe)
For my tranſgreſſions, now become,
Ah me! a vaſt amazing ſum!
More countleſs than the ſands that form the ſhore!
Yet come, dear friends, come open all your ſtore,
And try for once, with me, to quit the frightful
ſcore.

II.

Come, royal *David*, God-like ſaint,
Who couldſt, ſo hero-like, repent!
So potently thy guilt engage,
With all the force of holy rage!
With conq'ring pray'rs, ſtrong humble cries,
Victorious tears and agonies!
O bravely! bravely was it done!
O'er ſuch a foe, one victory won,
Exalts thy name,
Proclaims thy fame,
More than *Goliah*'s fall, or *Edom* overthrown:
Come take me to the field with thee,
And my inſtructer daign to be:
I'll in thy fight,
Courageous fight,
And ev'ry day,
My thouſands ſlay,
And then at night,
With humble pleaſure I'll approach,
And lay me down cloſe by thy royal couch.

Thy

* Thy couch, O wondrous! how it ſwims!
O how 'tis delug'd with the ſtreams
Of briny tears, rain'd from thine eyes!
Strange effect of thine agonies!
There, there I'll ly, O man divine,
Mingling my cries and tears with thine;
And happy, O how happy ſhall I be,
If waſh'd and pardon'd, thence I can ariſe like thee.

III.

Come mournful Prophet *Jeremy*,
Lend me thy weeping faculty;
Thy lamentations and thy woes,
The direful pangs, the vi'lent throws,
Which thy afflicted ſoul ſuſtain'd,
Which pierc'd thy heart, and bowels pain'd,
But nor thy tongue, nor pen could tell,
(Tho' they in painting grief did ſo excel)
When *Judah* captive went, and fair *Jeruſ'lem* fell.
† Oh! had that wiſh of thine,
Invidious wiſh! oh had it firſt been mine.
The very thought tranſports my ſoul,
Me-

* *Pſal.* vi. 6. † *Jer.* ix. 1.

Methinks I feel my head enlarge,
With the encreaſing watery charge:
Methinks, I feel the briny torrents roll
Down from the open ſluices of my eyes,
Methinks I feel the floods ſtill higher riſe;
O may they roll both night and day,
O may they roll, and riſe, till they
Swell to a deluge, whoſe ſurmounting tide,
May all the mountains of my ſins beneath its billows hide.

IV.

Yet better, *Mary*, evangelick ſaint,
Better it were, if I
Full of a ſtrugling agony,
Of love and grief, like thee, could ly
And at a Saviour's feet repent:
Diſſolv'd the noble mourner lies;
And weeps as if ſhe was all eyes;
His feet ſhe waſhes with her tears;
And wipes them with her courteous hairs:
Whilſt humble kiſſes intervene,
To print love on his feet, and wipe them yet more clean.

Mean

Mean time, her precious ointments flow
In od'rous tides diffus'd, and ſhow
What ſweeter paſſions, in her boſom glow.
O fair example of a grateful mind!
How charming look ſuch love and ſorrow join'd!
Immortal, hence, bright ſaint, becomes thy fame,
Whilſt age ſhall to ſucceeding age proclaim
How JESUS lov'd, and dy'd for human race,
Thy name in the dear ſtory ſtill ſhall have a place.

V.

But lo!
Another ſight of moving woe.
'Tis *Peter*, ſure, he weeps ſo bitterly;
Oh *Peter*, caſt that look on me,
Which thy kind LORD, firſt, caſt on thee;
Perhaps it ſtill may virtue have
My flinty heart to melt or cleave,
And make a penitent of me.
But ah! in vain,
With fruitleſs pain,
I caſt about, and ſeek ſupply
From empty channels, ciſterns dry.

I'll

I'll to the fountain-head repair,
And find my wiſh'd-for ſuccours there.
I'll look to him whom I have pierc'd:
The wounds I gave him, when revers'd,
Will pierce my heart, and make it mourn.
Lo! JESUS lo! to thee I turn,
But ah! how ſhall I look on thee?
Dear LORD, how ſhall I view the tree,
Where bleeding thou didſt hang for me,
And where my ſins thee fix'd?
How ſhall I ſee the ſtreams of blood?
The ſuff'rings of my Saviour-God
Amaz'd, and unto death, for me, perplex'd?
Oh! LORD, methinks, I now can mourn,
I feel a ſtrange and ſudden turn;
My heart relents, my bowels glow,
Tears unconſtrain'd and plenteous flow,
Now I can give a looſe to woe.
O wond'rous! wond'rous virtue of the croſs!
Of godly ſorrow, 'tis the only ſource!
And ſure, my GOD, there's nothing elſe can be,
The ſource of pardon, life, and joy, to me.

A Thankſgiving after the Sacrament of the LORD's *Supper.*

Being a Paraphraſe on Pſal. CXVI. *from v.* 1. *to v.* 13.

I.

TOo little is my love, could I give more
To him who heard my ſuppliant voice;
To him who pity'd, when I did deplore,
And makes me, now, as much rejoice:
But ſince kind heav'n will daign to take
So ſmall a tribute, from my hands;
My GOD I'll love, and ſtill betake
My ſelf to him, with new demands.

II.

Deep plung'd in diſmal horrors was my ſoul,
Like thoſe, which round the dying wretch do roll,
When, from the bound of life, he ſpies
The gulf of woe extended wide;

When

When on its brink he trembling ſtands, and cries,
Ah! muſt I, muſt I plunge into the flaming tide!

III.

With like amaze, like killing dread
O'rewhelm'd, I cried, Help Lord with ſpeed,
Save me a wretch, ſave me my GOD,
From death that ſtares me in the face,
Death's frightful look, and dire embrace;
Save me, O GOD, from death, and from hell's dark abode!

IV.

He heard, he ſav'd, the happy day
I'll ne'er forget, nor ceaſe to ſay
He is all mercy, grace and love!
Boundleſs compaſſions ever move
Around his heart, and ever flow
With ſuccours, to the wretch'd below;
For ſuch was I, when he
Stept in, and ſet my ſoul from death's embraces free.

V.

Sing now, my ſoul, thy requiem ſing;
Thy mournful hours have taken wing,
Thy ſorrows all are fled:

Let joys, now, in their turn, prevail,
On downy peace thy ſelf repoſe;
Feel, how the ſweet refreſhing gale,
Feel how it gently blows,
With balmy ſweets, around thy head!
See! how the heav'nly manna falls!
Hark! how the voice at diſtance calls!
Ariſe, and feaſt on angels food:
Ariſe, and loud proclaim the bounty of thy GOD.

VI.

O wond'rous is thy bounty LORD!
Death held me faſt with iron arms,
Hell in my face, with dire alarms
Flaſh'd terrible! but at thy Word
My chains fell off, and I
Was reſcu'd from the hands of the ſtern enemy.
And then my blubber'd eyes from tears
Were wip'd; my heart diſcharg'd of fears
Yea then with joy, I look'd around,
Securely walk'd, when now I found
My feet, that ſlip'd before, tread on more faithful ground.

And

VII.

And now, the life thou haſt retriv'd,
To thee lo! I devote O LORD:
A Life which ſhall thy grace record,
And ſtill obedient be
To all the precepts of thy word;
A life whoſe harmony
With thy juſt laws, ſhall all my days,
Proclaim thy honour, ſound thy praiſe,
And tell what thou haſt done, and tell what I believ'd.

VIII.

For, tho', with troubles ſore oppreſt,
I ſaid in my unwary haſte,
That faithleſs all men prove;
Vain all their aid, falſe all their Love:
Yet, ev'n, in this extremity
I hop'd, and found my GOD with his kind ſuccours nigh.

IX.

And now, my GOD, what great return,
For ſo great favours, ſhall be made by me?
Shall thouſand off'rings on thine altar burn?
Shall quires reſounding, teſtify

The thankful ſenſe of my glad ſoul?
No, what will pleaſe thee more, lo! I
Holding aloft the ſacred bow'l
Will o'er its awful myſteries vow,
That all I am, or have, can ſuffer, or can do
Shall be devoted, *ever*, to fulfil
The purpoſes of thy dear indiſputed will.

Experience.

VAIN, and *vexatious*, is the juſt account
To which all ſublunary things amount.
So have I found it, firſt and laſt, to be
Vexation dealt out, in variety.
Engag'd I, very early, was in cares
Which have grown up, and ripen'd with my years;
Since reaſon and reflexion dawn'd in me,
I ſeldom was from ſome affliction free.
Not that I quarrel the wiſe will of heav'n,
Or grudge, becauſe no kinder lot was giv'n
To me who have deſerv'd a worſe, but I
Hence, learn the world's vexatious vanity.

Re-

Reaſon may teach this leſſon, and the wiſe
Long, on ſo grave a theme, philoſophiſe;
But, e'er the truth full evidence receive,
Experience muſt the laſt conviction give.
Inſtructed hence, with humble gratitude,
I'll brook afflictions, and account them good;
Kindly deſign'd, by heav'n, to make me know
I cannot find felicity, *below*.
With mind prepar'd, the thorny path I'll tread,
Expecting troubles, troubles never dread;
In view of the *Canaan* above, I'll preſs
A hardy trav'ller through this wilderneſs.

Contempt of the World.

I.

THERE's nothing earthly can allure his mind
Who keeps a heav'n in view;
Who with ambition unconfin'd,
A bliſs unbounded does purſue.

Lay crowns and ſcepters, at his feet,
Let riches, pleaſures, honours wait,
And fondly court his ſmile,
He'd ſcorn the charms of things ſo vain,
Spurn them away with juſt diſdain,
Nor count them worth his while.

II.

Heav'n the attracting object of his love,
Bears his aſpiring ſoul above
All little periſhable things:
Through ſcenes of bliſs whilſt he does rove,
And views, and taſtes the joys above,
He pities the poor ſtate of kings.
The wealth of *Cræſus*, *Cæſar*'s pow'r
And *Alexander*'s conqueſts ſeem
Worthy his envy, or his love, no more
Than little *Piſmire*'s hoarded ſtore,
Or dance of atoms in a beam.

III.

The whole creation can't ſuffice,
To make a ſoul compleatly bleſt:

On earth, then, where's the goodly prize
To tempt a reasonable breast?
Who most possess, we see still are
From real happiness as far,
As they who have the smallest share.
The mind's unbounded wishes still transcend
All that a scanty world can give;
And, whilst our wishes have no end,
Still short of happiness we live.
GOD, GOD alone, who all contains
Can fill the soul's enlarg'd embrace!
Possest of him, no more remains,
For further wishes, any place.

IV.

Go search the world, collect its scatter'd worth,
Draw the creation's quintescence all forth,
One sov'reign cordial to compose,
Apply it to a soul in pain,
A soul that can no rest obtain,
For staring guilt and threatning wrath,
Can it afford repose?
Ask, if it can, of those

Who

Who panting on a ſick-bed ly,
Ask if it, then, can fortify,
The ſoul againſt the terrors of grim death?
Ask if it can diſpenſe
Comforts to ſuit her exigence,
When, ſhe now ſummon'd to be gone,
She knows not where, but all alone,
Anxious, and trembling muſt commence
Her ſolitary journey, through the gloomy path.

V.

Did he who had a Maker's right to uſe
The earth, and all the fulneſs thereof, chuſe
To trample under foot, as vain and vile,
What men miſtaken, wealth, and grandure ſtile?
Did he prefer ſo poor and mean a ſtate
Before the pomp and ſplendor of the great?
And ſhall I think felicity
Can e'er be found in things, which he,
The only happy, only wiſe,
(To teach me the ſame leſſon) did ſo much deſpiſe?

Improvement of Time.

A *Day I've loſt*, was *Titus* * wont to ſay,
When any chanc'd to ſteal from him away.
Not ſignaliz'd by ſome good action done,
To ſpeak him worthy his imperial crown?
Was this the maxim of his life, tho' he
So little knew of an eternity?
No notion had, or of a heav'n or hell,
Beſide a ſage's gueſs, or poet's tale?
And ſhall I taught, by revelation's light,
A future life's great certainty and weight,
Neglect the wiſe improvement of my time,
Nor count the uſeleſs waſte of it a crime?
No, let the atheiſt, and unthinking fool
Live careleſs, as they pleaſe, and without rule;
My time I'll husband with more frugal care,
And ſave my moments which ſo precious are,
For purpoſes of equal worth; I'll try
By time well ſpent, to win eternity.

Hence

* Titus *the Roman Emperor.*

Hence then benumbing ſloth, hence trifling cares,
Ye thieves of time, ye moths of precious years;
And ye worſe flatt'ring pleaſurable toys
Of ſin; hence all ye ſilly, ſhort-liv'd joys;
Your ſoft enchantments ſhall, no longer, bind,
I have a GOD, a heav'n, a ſoul to mind.

Time watched.

STAND, O my ſoul, ſtand on the watch,
And try, the flying *hours*, to catch,
They won't or ſtop, or turn again,
Thou haſt no venture for it, then,
But to their wings, faſt as they fly,
Some valuable thing to ty:
Some holy thought, ſome humble pray'r,
Some penitential groan or tear,
Some act of faith, or charity,
Some new advance in purity;
Some breathing of divine deſire,
Some glowing of a heart on fire,

Some

Some one of theſe, if thou can'ſt chain
To ev'ry moment of the train
Of flying hours, thou haſt done well;
Time manag'd thus, can never fail
Home to eternity, to bear
Thy treaſures all, and int'reſts dear;
Till born on her officious wing,
Time, there, thy ſelf, at laſt, ſhall bring.

The Satisfaction.

THAT day ne'er fails to yield me greateſt joy,
Which I to the beſt purpoſes employ!
Well pleas'd my conſcience on me ſmiles, at night,
And peaceful thoughts, to ſoft repoſe invite.
O bounteous goodneſs of the GOD I ſerve!
Shall an immortal heav'n, in ſure reſerve,
Reward the little worthleſs *good* I do,
Which is ſo largely recompenſed now!
I'd rather have one day of the delight,
Ariſing from a ſenſe of doing *right*,

Than

Than a whole age of that tumult'ous joy
Which ſinners, mix'd with conſcious guilt, enjoy.
Hence ſprings a pleaſure ſolid, laſting, great,
Which no reproaching after-thoughts abate;
The ſenſe of which remaining can ſuſtain
The ſoul in graples with whatever pain:
'Tis half a heav'n, and nothing can improve
Its bliſsful joys, but the whole heav'n above!

Help me, my GOD, thy pleaſure to fulfil,
Help, each day, better to perform thy will.
High, as the pitch to which my duty goes,
My ſatisfaction, in proportion, grows.
Was there no other motive, ſure my choice
Would be religion, for its very joys.

A Hymn to the Holy Spirit.

ETERNAL ſource of light! whilſt thee I ſing,
To aid me, thine own inſpirations bring.
No *Phœbus* or *Parnaſſus* I require,
But ſome illapſes of that ſacred fire

Which

Which warm'd, of old, the raptur'd hearts and tongues
Of thy great prophets, and inſpir'd their ſongs;
Songs, which an origin divine confeſs,
And mighty things, in mighty ſtrains, expreſs;
Songs worthy Thee, their author, and their themes,
And giving men who ſung them, deathleſs names.
O! with ſuch unction animate my muſe,
Such heav'nly ardors through my breaſt diffuſe,
Whilſt, with a bold advent'rous flight
Soaring, I traverſe the wide realms of light,
And eager trace
The paths of grace,
Tranſported, all along, with glorious op'ning views.

II.

Thou, the firſt principle of life didſt move,
On chaos gloomy face, with wings of love,
And genial warmth; whence dreſs'd in fair array,
Sprung new-born nature, and the lovely day.
Now ſons of GOD, admiring angels ſee,
And joyful praiſe the world's nativity!
Round the huge maſs, they eager beat the wing,
And each new riſing form, with notes exalted ſing.

They ſung the firſt-born glory, charming light,
On glitt'ring wings, from chaos, taking flight.
They ſung the lofty arched firmament,
The uſe and beauty of its vaſt extent:
They ſung divided earth, and ocean's floods,
To ſhores confin'd: they ſung the ballanc'd clouds,
The magazines of thunder, ſnow, and rain,
And ſtormy blaſts, heav'n's military train:
They ſung the glorious ruler of the day,
The moon and ſtars, who by alternate ſway,
But feebler pow'rs, walk an eternal round,
And time divide, and changing ſeaſons bound:
They ſung the birth of plants, and trees, and all
The various beauties of earth's painted ball:
The origin of ev'ry living kind,
To people, earth, and ſeas, and air deſign'd:
They ſung created man; the image bright
Of his creator! intellectual light
Pent up within an artful mold of clay,
And yielding but a little fainter ray,
Than their own pure celeſtial forms: They ſung
His look ſublime, his graceful port, his tongue

Arti-

Articulately pouring out his thought:
They ſung his features to perfection wrought,
With all the princely badges ſeen,
Or in his ſhape, or in his mien,
Proclaiming him by heav'n deſign'd,
To rule his fellow creatures, with a godlike mind.

III.

When baleful ſin had poiſon ſpread abroad,
And tainted the fair workmanſhip of GOD:
When nature groan'd; and death began to ſtalk
O'er a pale world, his wide and gloomy walk:
When preſent ills, and future miſeries,
In all their various gaſtly forms ariſe,
And fill the *hapleſs pair* with dread:
Thou didſt their anxious hearts perſwade,
That ſure relief ſhould yet be had,
By the great remedy, the *promis'd ſeed.*
As time advanc'd, and ages multiply'd,
More clearly, ſtill, was the event deſcry'd,
The grand event of the MESSIA's birth,
Which, as by Thee foretold,
Should a new ſource of life unfold;

And pour heav'n's bleſſings, down, profuſely on the earth.

IV.

By Thee, good *Abr'am* did the day deſcry,
The diſtant day, which GOD that cannot ly
Had promis'd, when one of his progeny
Should come a common bleſſing to mankind;
The day he ſaw, and bleſt it with a joyful mind.
By Thee, old *Jacob*, as his ſons attend
Their bleſſings, and their fates to hear,
Above his brethren *Judah* did commend,
And deſtin'd him the ſov'reign rule to bear.
By Thee, of SHILOH pointedly he ſpoke,
SHILOH, who ſhould be born to ſave
His fav'rite people from the yoke
Of Sin, and hell, death and the grave.
SHILOH, to whom, the people far and near,
With joyful concourſe, ſhould repair
His ſov'reign pow'r to own, his laws divine to hear.

V.

By Thee, great *Moſes* dictated his laws.
O! how divine th' *afflatus* was,

When

When he foretold a prophet great,
Should riſe to govern *Iſrael*'s ſtate:
A prophet ſuch as hes
A prophet who ſhould be
Obey'd, and honour'd on the pain
Of death, which, with the body ſlain,
Plunges the ſoul in endleſs miſery.
By Thee, the royal *David* ſweetly ſung;
To ſtrains divine his harp melodious ſtrung.
By Thee, *Eſaias*, with a lofty flight,
Winging the regions of prophetick light,
The glories of MESSIA's reign ſurvey'd;
By Thee, ſuch mighty moving things he ſaid,
Painting his woes ſo lively to the eye,
As makes prediction rival hiſtory.
By Thee, the highly-favour'd *Daniel* knew
The ſecrets which magicians could not ſhew.
By Thee, he fix'd his *weeks*, foretold the dates
Of future kingdoms, and their monarchs fates.
By Thee, the whole inſpired train
Of great, and wiſe, and righteous men,

Thy holy prophets to the world declar'd,
What true religion is, and what its great reward.

VI.

When time (that now long ripening in her womb
The grand event had bore) was fully come
To the fix'd period, when MESSIA's birth
Should, with heav'n's dearest friendship, glad the earth:
By Thee, the wond'rous work was done!
A virgin chaſt conceives a ſon!
The Son of GOD becomes a man!
But who declare his generation can?
What is by Thee the author vail'd,
What lies from angels eyes conceal'd,
Men ſhould not ſcan, nor boldly pry
Into the dark, forbidden myſtery.
Soon as MESSIAS on the earth begun
His ſhort, but glorious race to run;
The unction he receiv'd from Thee
(Unction admitting no degree)

Of

Of virtues, graces, gifts and pow'rs divine,
Full in his boſom dwelt, bright in his life did
ſhine.
By this, ſo well he ſpoke! ſuch wonders wrought!
By this, the people ſo divinely taught!
By this, to heav'n, ſo oft he did prefer
The warm oblations of accepted prayer:
This to his meritorious ſuff'rings gave
Part of their ſweet perfume: This, from the grave
Concur'd to raiſe him up; and to proclaim
He was the *Son of God*, nor did uſurp the name.

VII.

When JESUS to his father was return'd,
With ſpoils and trophies of his foes adorn'd:
When at his right-hand, on a glorious throne
He ſate triumphant, crown'd with honours won:
Thou, in his room, down to the earth didſt come,
Redemption purchas'd to apply,
Redeemed ſouls to purify,
Till, by thy grace divine, prepar'd
For heav'nly bliſs, their dear Reward,
Thou, to fruition, guid'ſt them ſafely home.

On

On *Pentecoſt*, that memorable day,
Thou didſt the glory of thy grace diſplay;
When from on high, the torrent ſtrong
Came, with loud murmurs, all along,
Rolling its tide, till in the place
Where the devout aſſembly was,
An inundation of unwonted ſpeech
O'erflows the holy men, and each
The ſymbol wears, a cloven fiery tongue.
By this inſpir'd, they forthwith loud proclaim
GOD's mighty grandure, CHRIST's exalted name!
By this they preach'd, and ſouls by thouſands caught:
By this ſtupendous ſigns and wonders wrought!
Criples exulting leap, with nerves new ſtrung;
The old decrepit think themſelves made young,
With vigorous health pour'd freſh into their veins:
Their word, their touch, their ſhadow cures the pains,
And maladies which wretched men oppreſs:
And *Dæmons*, put to flight, their pow'r confeſs.

By

By this, they toils and trials great ſuſtain'd;
The triumph of their patience ſtill maintain'd;
By this, to vent the ardors of their zeal,
They run exulting, far and near, to tell
Glad tidings of ſalvation, by the name
Of JESUS; the ſwift heralds of his fame.

VIII.

Great author of all grace! could I
Thy wond'rous works and ways deſcry,
How in the ſecret inmoſt ſoul,
The active ſeeds of heav'nly life controul
All pow'r of ſin oppoſing; could I trace
The beauteous lineaments, and lovely face
Of the *new creature*, and the *form divine*!
Could I deſcribe this glorious work of thine;
The picture fair, drawn to the life, would tell
How far the new creation does the old excell!
But ah the ard'ous task ſurmounts my skill:
I want the pow'r, howe'er I have the will:
Ev'n what I know, and by experience feel,
I can't to others, as I would, reveal;

Yet

Yet I'll attempt it, in well meaning lays,
And publiſh as I can, O GOD of grace, thy praiſe.

IX.

When dead in ſin, and treſpaſſes I lay,
Far, far from GOD, and thoughtleſs of the way
That leads to life: when darkneſs overſpread,
And vengeance hover'd o'er my guilty head:
By thy almighty grace diſplay'd,
New light and life I felt convey'd
Into my ſoul, and I began
With joy, to know my ſelf, now, quite another man.
As when the ſun, firſt lighted in the skies,
Diſpell'd the ſhades, and pour'd his rays,
With bright effulgence all around;
Glad nature, ſoon, felt the new kindl'd blaze;
Earth's cheriſh'd with warm genial days,
And new-blown beauties every where abound.
So I, O GOD, with ſweet ſurprize,
When firſt the light of grace did riſe
In my dark ſoul, was made to ſay
O whence this new, this bleſſed day!
What lovely objects charm my eyes!

What

What glorious ſcenes before me riſe!
O GOD, my Saviour, now I ſee
The path of life reveal'd to me!
Redeeming love, forgiving grace,
Sweet JESUS, ſparkling in thy face!
The refuge, and the reſt of ſouls;
The heav'nly virtue that controuls
The guilt, the pain, the pow'r of ſin:
I ſee, O LORD, what I have been,
A wretched ſinner liable
To miſeries ineffable;
But reſcu'd now, and raiſed by Thee,
To hopes of immortality.
O wond'rous grace! ſtupendous love!
How ſweet's the maze in which I rove!
O joy of faith! O dear ſolace!
O ſolemn! O triumphant peace!
I feel immortal life begun,
I feel its circulating vigor run
Through my glad pow'rs! I feel it warm my heart!
I feel it *all* in *all*, and *all* in every part!

X.

Now, caſt, my ſoul, thine eyes abroad
Survey the wond'rous progreſs of the grace of GOD.
Where *Roman* eagles never flew,
Where *Roman* ſoldier never drew
His warlike ſword, grace has prevail'd,
And made the barbarous nations to her proweſs yield.
Almighty grace! what pow'r but thine
Could hearts ſubdue, men's wills incline
To quite paternal rites, and laws,
Riches, pleaſures, pomp, applauſe,
And all the charms of earthly things:
Lo! even proud emperors, and kings
Submit themſelves to JESUS' ſway,
His ſcepter kiſs, his laws obey;
The doctrine of his croſs embrace,
And glory in his name, more than their ancient race.
See! ſwift as lightning from the sky,
The pointed ſhafts well guided fly,

To pierce the hardeſt hearts of thoſe
Who, with rage impotent, dare JESUS' name oppoſe.
A furious ſlaughter-breathing *Saul*,
A ſavage *jayler* vanquiſh'd fall;
With thouſand, thouſand trophies more,
Bleſt monuments, O grace! of thy all-conqu'ring pow'r.

XI.

Dear Comforter of pious ſouls!
How ſweet the heav'nly torrent rolls,
When, from on high, thou do'ſt impart
Thy conſolations to the humble heart!
How oft have I, by ſweet experience, found,
When ſore dejected, and oppreſt
With troubles, like to rend my breaſt,
Thy joys controul my grief, and heal my bleeding wound?
O GOD of grace! what thanks I owe
To Thee, from whom my daily ſuccours flow?
How kind! how potent thy ſupplies,
Which balance my infirmities!

Which ſtrengthen me, a feeble worm,
To bear the burden, ſtand the ſtorm
Of trials, and hard preſſing woes!
By Thee, I triumph o'er my foes,
The world, my lufts, the pow'rs of hell.
By Thee, I am inſtructed well
In dear religion's pleaſant ways.
By Thee, I vent my heart in praiſe:
By Thee, with humble zealous care
My task I ply: with me, in pray'r
Thou interceed'ſt, with mighty moans,
With ſecret, ſympathizing groans,
Which tho' I can't expreſs, attentive heav'n does hear.
Yea, by ſure ſigns, in me reveal'd,
Methinks, I dare be bold to ſay,
That, by thy grace divine, I'm ſeal'd
To the complete redemption-day.
Mean while, my guide, to Thee reſign'd,
With humble and obſequious mind,
Whate'er thou bid'ſt I'll willing do,
Where'er thou lead'ſt, I chearful go,

'Till, at the end of life's laborious path,
I ſmiling meet approaching death:
And then, my GOD, in tranſports loſt,
Midſt a detatchment of the heav'nly hoſt,
With ſpeed, my ſoul, her flight, to heav'n ſhall wing,
Where Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt
She ever ſhall behold, and ever, ever ſing!

The Advantage of a good Conſcience.

HOw ſweet's the comfort of a conſcience clear,
Both from the guilt of ſin, and from the fear!
What ſolemn joys o'erflow the good man's breaſt,
Whoſe heart does its own innocence atteſt!
Tho' earth and hell their utmoſt fury join,
His fix'd tranquillity to undermine:
Tho' reeling nature threaten to diſband,
And univerſal ruin ſeem at hand;
Yet he, whoſe GOD, and conſcience him befriend,
Can ſtand, or fall, with an unſhaken mind.

Oh,

Oh, for a heart with ſuch aſſurance bleſt,
With ſuch eſtabliſh'd, ſolemn peace poſſeſt!
Riches, and pow'r, and grandure ſo eſteem'd,
Unworthy are, once, with it, to be nam'd.
Theſe are attended with a load of cares,
And, many times, more cauſe, than cure our fears:
But innocence exalts a man on high,
Like the bright luminaries of the ſky,
Which undiſturb'd their radiant journies go,
And ſcorn the blaſts which fright the world below.
Oh, innocence, thou dear, thou heav'nly gueſt,
Thou guardian angel of the good man's breaſt!
Fill'd with thy joys, aloft he bears his head,
And ſeems on paradiſial ground to tread:
His look, his mien, his whole behaviour tells
How much of heav'n within his boſom dwells.
If angels, our apoſtate race to mend,
By miſſion, ſhould to live on earth deſcend,
Such would their life, ſuch their condition be
For innocence, and for felicity:
For ſuch, on earth, was ſeen the Son of GOD,
When he 'mongſt mortals had his ſhort abode.

Enoch

Enoch *walked with* God, Gen. v. 24.

ENOCH, the heav'nly *Enoch* walks with GOD,
A ſingle paſſenger in vertue's road.
When all mankind had left the narrow path,
And choſe to throng the downward way to death;
He, wond'rous good man! for religion ſtood,
And dar'd alone t' oppoſe the impious croud.
And ſurely to be good, in evil times,
With equal vertues ballaneing the crimes
Of the profane and lawleſs rout, diſplays
Heroick worth, and claims immortal praiſe.
Enoch, religion's credit to retrieve,
Whilſt in the world, above the world did live:
The true ſublime of *pious-living* reach'd;
From heav'n his maxims, and his motives fetch'd:
Familiar with his GOD, ſo like him grew;
So well, the work of angels learn'd to do,
That fully ripe for heav'n (a finiſh'd ſaint)
Thither, he deathleſs, ſoul and body, went.

Heavenly-Mindedneſs.

O Happy he whoſe mind exalted high
Above the paſſing ſcenes of vanity
Which dazle weak and earthly minds, employs
His thoughts in the purſuit of heav'nly joys.
Who, conſcious of his ſoul's immortal pow'rs,
On wings of contemplation upward tow'rs;
Surveys the glories of the heav'nly ſtate,
And ſees that to be there, is to be great.
Who lives, by faith, in heav'n as his abode;
Maintains delightful converſe with his GOD;
And when, at times, he down to earth does come,
Short viſits makes, as one that haſtens home.
Who, ſoon as light, at morn, ſalutes his eyes,
Darts his devouteſt thoughts above the skies:
His early homage to his Maker pays,
And glads his ſoul with freſh imbibed rays.
Who, whereſoe'er he is, whate'er he does,
All day, the ſame exalted life purſues:

Alone

Alone, in company, at home, abroad,
More, or leſs buſy'd, knows the ſecret road;
By which, to heav'n his ſoul has free aſcent;
A mortal angel, or angelick ſaint.
Who, e'er ſoft ſlumbers ſhut his eyes at night;
With pleaſure ranges o'er the realms of light;
And leaves his heart amidſt the heav'nly quires,
Where, when he wakes, to find it he deſires.
But ah! of all mankind, how very few
Are to be found who ſuch a life purſue?
Attach'd to earth almoſt all humane race
Its poor enjoyments eagerly embrace:
To purchaſe triffles that may pleaſe them now,
Cheaply they an immortal heav'n forego.
But, O my GOD, determine thou my heart
To act a wiſer, and a better part.
May the ſpiritual life ſtill be my care:
Tow'rds thee my GOD, and CHRIST my Saviour dear,
May my affections daily wing their way,
Till dying, thus, I ſhall be heard to ſay,

" I travel not, now, in an unknown road;
" This is the path which oft, before, I've trode:
" I go to GOD, to JESUS! I go home:
" The welcome, long expected hour is come.

The Death of the Righteous.

PANTING the good *Theophilus* did ly,
Long time prepar'd, and willing now to dy;
When, with a heav'nly brightneſs in his face,
The ſilent triumph of his finiſh'd race,
He to his mourning friends his ſpeech addreſs'd,
And thus diſclos'd the raptures of his breaſt,
" Kind, but miſtaken, — grieve no more for me;
" Nor mourn the day, which I rejoice to ſee.
" Can you remaining on the ſhore bewail,
" That to a crown, tho' leaving you, I ſail?
" Should tears unſeemly cloud one's nuptial day,
" Becauſe the bridegroom takes his bride away?

Is

" Is this your kindneſs? — would to GOD ye knew
" What glorious ſcenes now open to my view!
" *Immanuel's* fair land, by its own light
" Diſcover'd, nor far diſtant, charms my ſight.
" Thither to wing her flight my ſoul prepares:
" Farewel all earthly joys, all earthly cares;
" Farewel my friends, nor grudge that now we part,
" Immortal pleaſures ruſh into my heart!
" I ſink, I faint beneath the bliſsful load!
" I dy, like *Moſes*, by the * kiſs of GOD!
" Dear Saviour, if ſuch pledges now are giv'n,
" Oh! what ſhall be my everlaſting heav'n."

A Death-bed Ejaculation.

BEYOND mortality, my faith
Deſcries a glorious ſcene,
Where, ever new, and rapt'rous joys
My ſoul ſhall entertain.

A

* *'Tis a ſaying of the* Jews *on* Deut. xxxiv. 5. *that* Moſes *died by the kiſs of God.*

A deep, and rapid ſtream divides:
Death is the name it bears;
But o'er it, CHRIST has laid a bridge
For heav'nly paſſengers.

Oh glorious city of my GOD,
Which ſtands on yonder ſhore!
My heart within me leaps for joy
To think of paſſing o'er.

O'er to the new *Jeruſalem*,
Where I with CHRIST may dwell;
And ever hear his own dear lips,
His own dear ſtory tell.

Where, in his preſence, I ſhall find
The heav'n that I deſire;
And the ſweet glories of his face
Eternally admire.

Come welcome death, diſſolve the bands,
That hold me, here, from home.
Come angels, come celeſtial guard,
Come JESUS, quickly come.

F I N I S.

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